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1859.—A RETROSPECT.

THE year which closes to-day has been one of high political importance, and historians will probably date from it the commencement of great movements yet to be witnessed by our generation. It commenced and it ends in uncertainty and agitation, having ushered in a threat of War, and expiring in sight of a Congress.

New-Year's Day, 1859, witnessed a menace from the Emperor of the French to Austria, in the form of a few words addressed to the Ambassador of that Power. The words were commonplace enough, but the occasion was important; and the recent attitude of France towards Europe generally gave them formidable significance. The negotiations which followed were tedious, and not altogether sincere. It was evident that Louis Napoleon desired to fight, and that the concessions required from Austria were such as no great Power could submit to.

The Derby Government then in office did what all but an insignificant portion of the British public wished to be done—preserved a strict neutrality. The truth is that we had nothing to do with the quarrel. We did not conceive ourselves bound to interfere in the internal government of Italian or any other States; and we suspected the disinterestedness of those who professed a more lofty view. On the other hand, we were not bound to defend a Power which ought to have been able to defend itself. So we looked on, first under the Derby, and then under the Palmerston, Governments. The spectacle was a great but a very savage one—of butchery unequalled, almost, in modern war; of revolutions, occasioned by the war; and of a sudden peace, leaving the professed objects of the campaign unaccomplished. A wearisome agitation has followed in Italy ever since; and at this moment no man can determine with any probability in what shape that country will obtain quiet, if any.

The most remarkable effect of the Italian war on our home affairs has been the stimulus given to the national defences. There had been a considerable reaction against the old apathy on this subject before; but when we found an immense French army passing into Italy with ease, and that any pacific suggestions of ours had been pooh-poohed politely, as those of Portugal

might have been, it seemed time to take the matter up in earnest. 1859 will, indeed, be chiefly remembered as the year in which the French right to make war for an "idea" was openly avowed and acted upon. The right was exercised, to be sure, in the generation of the first Napoleon; but a whole half century almost—passed in peace, in commerce, and in mechanical discovery—had disposed the world to forget that France made such claims. The discovery has profoundly affected our internal condition. We have greatly increased the Navy, besides paying bounty and organising a reserve of seamen. We have appointed a commission to examine our fortifications, and are acting on its suggestions. We have been casting Armstrong guns. We have renewed a system of volunteer forces unknown for an age. In short, 1859 has been the most warlike year, in sentiment, preparation, and general character, that Britain has seen since 1815, excepting the two years when we were actually engaged in hostilities with Russia. A flavour of gunpowder runs through the 1859 almanack, and marks it out from its predecessors for many and many a long year.

It was curious, while Europe was arming itself for attack or defence, to see the British Parliament engaged with the Reform question. Other nations were suffering from revolution and despotism (for to these indissolubly-connected motive powers Europe owes its perpetual danger of war); and we were calmly employed in discussing the only stable Constitution extant, to see if it could not be made a little more symmetrical. The task was very much of the nature of a luxurious amusement, like the architectural changes made by some rich old gentleman in his country mansion. There was no popular excitement about it, for in reality nobody felt himself wronged by the existing anomalies, or believed that their abolition would much affect his essential happiness or freedom. Nevertheless, the subject was debated at a length, and with an amount of repetition, wearisome to the flesh. We need not again go into the details, nor harangue upon the causes of the failure of the Derby Reform Bill. It remains to be seen whether the Russell one will be much more liberal, and, particularly, whether the Whig boroughs are or are not to be sacrificed. What we have

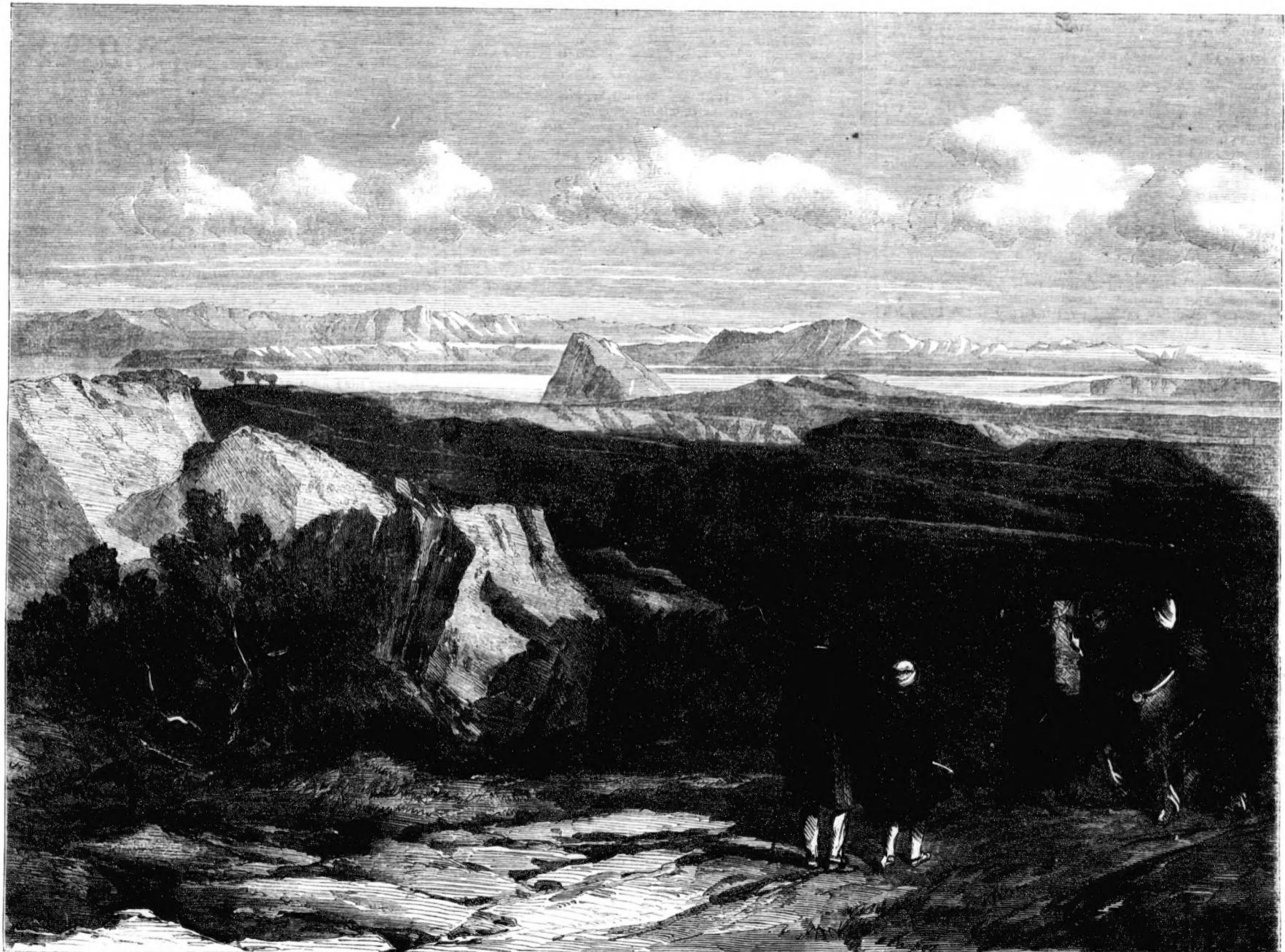
mainly to do at this moment is to point out that everything has been subservient in 1859 to foreign politics. It has been a year of foreign politics essentially, as we feel quite painfully aware in turning back on our pages, and observing how large a space they occupy in our political columns.

What, then, have been the lessons of the Old Year which expires to-day?

Firstly and mainly, we have learned the lesson of the necessity of self-defence. It does not follow from this that we should be always expecting treacherous assaults from any foreign Potentate. But the truth is that Potentates, like other people, are a part of their age, and if, as seems likely, the war fit revives in Europe by the operation of general laws (like those of the winds or the cholera), it does not much matter how one Potentate differs in personal feeling from another. Louis Napoleon may be honest towards us, as his friends say, but, at least, a despotism like his is more dangerous to the peace of the two countries than a constitutional government would be. Absolute power is an incessant temptation—is essentially military; and does not admit of the checks imposed by Parliaments and presses.

Secondly, we have learned that war in the heart of Europe is more conveniently managed, and easier to get up, than we were in the habit of thinking some years back. To be sure it seems likely that wars will be shorter henceforth than they used to be, but that very fact may help to make them frequenter.

Thirdly, have not we had to modify a notion very prevalent among us that "non-intervention" might be pushed to the extent of withdrawing us from all concern in the affairs of Europe? Some time since we seemed bent on realising the saying of old Napoleon that we were only "shopkeepers," and to be leaving it to others to be diplomats and warriors, content to sell them provisions, lace, and cutlery for the purpose. This was sensible in as far as it was a reaction against those who were urging us to interfere between governors and governed for the purpose of supporting abstract political principles. But it was absurd if it was ever meant to withdraw us from international questions altogether, considering that we touch, as possessors and occupiers



CEUTA, AND THE COAST OF BARBARY, FROM THE RONDA MOUNTAINS, WITH GIBRALTAR IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.)

at important points (Gibraltar, &c.), upon the interests of all the great Powers. Our own interest, equally with our dignity, requires us not to carry non-interference too far. We need not make enemies unnecessarily, but it is possible to isolate oneself so as to have no friends. And the time is come, if peace is to last in Europe, for those who desire peace to bind themselves together for the common protection. Peace in Europe is the only firm basis, as it must always be the result of an alliance between France and England. Let us hope that the French Emperor has done with war now, and that the common ground of the need of checking the Pope's temporal tyranny may prove the means of keeping the two Powers together in the coming Congress, and after it.

Meanwhile, 1859 has not been an unlucky year domestically. Even the wretched "strike" has been characterised by a tranquillity not less remarkable than its folly. All the Reform discussions went off moderately, and the asperity of Mr. Bright is less a sign of public discontent than of the quality of his individual temper. There seems no reason to doubt at present that, with energy in our defensive preparations, and cheerful, moderate zeal in internal reform, this generation may ride over its trials in safety and honour—less brilliantly, perhaps, yet not less happily, than the generation which last saw itself threatened with revolution at home and invasion from abroad.

CEUTA, AND THE COAST OF BARBARY, FROM THE RONDA MOUNTAINS.

THE geographical aspect of Spain is very peculiar, and unlike that of most other countries. It is almost one mountain or agglomeration of mountains; it rises on every side from the sea, and the central portions are higher than any other table lands in Europe, ranging, on an average, from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea; while from this elevated plain chains of mountains rise again to a still greater height. Of these chains the Ronda is one of the wildest and most picturesque; and any one travelling in the Peninsula who takes this route to Gibraltar must indeed rough it. Scrambling up the mountains, we pass Moorish villages, built on the heights, with Moorish names and half Moorish peasantry. It was here the Arab tribes who invaded Spain first established themselves, and traces of African origin still remain amongst the inhabitants. It is by this mountain route that the smugglers inundate the country with British goods from "The Rock" that is seen rising from the sea in the middle distance, while beyond is the coast of Barbary, and on the spur from the foremost hill the position of Ceuta, near which the Spaniards are now entrenched. Our Engraving is from a Sketch by Mr. David Roberts, R.A., exhibited amongst others of his reminiscences of Spain.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

MR. CORDEN, M.P., had a lengthened audience of the Emperor of the French at the Tuilleries on Wednesday week. It is reported that the "Dialogue between an Englishman and a Frenchman," which we print in another column, is a faithful report of the meeting.

The Emperor and the Emperor's family have been much occupied in exchanging courtesies with the Prince and Princess Metternich. His Imperial Majesty went to Fontainebleau on Thursday, where a grand hunting party was to be given—apparently in honour of the Austrian Ambassador.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

This week two combats between the Spaniards and Moroccans are reported. On the 20th, it seems, General O'Donnell repulsed an attack with small loss to himself—three officers and forty-eight men killed and wounded. On the 23rd, says a telegram from Madrid, "the Moors attacked the Spaniards on the road to Tetuan in order to obstruct the works. They were victoriously repulsed. General Prim distinguished himself by his bravery. The Spaniards had four killed and forty wounded. All the works, and even the new fortlets, have been completed."

A Madrid letter confirms the intelligence already given of a corps of 8000 men being about to be dispatched to Ceuta, to occupy and defend the Spanish positions, while the principal corps-d'armée will assume the offensive, and advance into Morocco. The Spaniards are constructing large wooden barracks at Ceuta. The Moors are busily engaged on the defences of Tetuan.

The Queen of Spain gave birth to a Princess on the 26th inst.

AUSTRIA.

The report that numerous arrests had been made in consequence of certain meetings of Protestants in Hungary is officially denied. "The authorities have brought accusations against three persons only for having excited the inhabitants to disobedience, but these three persons have been set at liberty. Two demarcation visits have taken place by order of the competent tribunal, and not of the police."

A convoy of volunteers, enrolled for the service of the Pope, left Vienna a few days back.

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Landtag, which now may be considered as the Parliamentary Assembly in Europe next in importance to our own, is to meet on the 22nd of February, much later than usual. This arrangement is beneficial, because the European Congress will thus have a double Parliamentary control set over it, in the debates of the two representative bodies, backed by sufficient national strength not to be obliged to observe silence where free speaking is desirable.

RUSSIA.

A Russian courier, who lately arrived in St. Petersburg with advices from China to the 17th of October, announces that the Russian Embassy at Pekin was enjoying perfect safety and liberty.

It is said that the Russian Government is negotiating for the purchase from the Emperor of Japan of the southern half of the Island of Sangalien, the upper half of which they already hold. It is also said that the recent acquisitions from China on the Amoor are regarded as of less value than was supposed, as the river is frozen six months in the year.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

Early this week we had a rumour that the Sultan had consented to the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, provided the integrity of the Ottoman empire, including Egypt, were solemnly guaranteed by the European Powers. Later advices do not repeat the statement.

The Pacha of the fortress of Belgrade is said to have ceased relations with the Servian Government. The Pacha had demanded the extradition of a Turkish subject, which was refused by the Government of Servia.

AMERICA.

Another mail reaches us from the United States, and yet no President's Message. The House of Representatives cannot yet agree upon the election of a Speaker, and the Legislature is, therefore, as yet in an unorganised condition.

The most important news is that there have been additional executions at Charleston, arising from the Harper's Ferry revolt. The soldiers were again mustered in strength, and the peace was undisturbed. The American papers have a long account of the burial of John Brown. His body was given up to his friends, and carried in procession to his late residence. There it was received by his family, amongst them the widows of his two sons who fell at Harper's Ferry. Mr. M'Kim, secretary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, delivered an address, and then the "old hero's" body was buried in the spot he had chosen for it, under a rock which rises about fifty feet from his house.

A great pro-slavery meeting has been held at Boston as a sort of set-off to the numerous demonstrations of an opposite kind which took place immediately after the execution of John Brown. The persons who chiefly signed "the call for the meeting" were merchants, many, if not the most of whom, had business connections with the South. Ex-Governor Lincoln presided. The speech of the day was delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett, who drew a hideous picture of the probable consequences of the Harper's Ferry affair if it had proved successful, denouncing the sympathy which had been expressed for John Brown, and highly eulogised the Constitution and the Union. The resolutions were of a similar character.

INDIA.

The Bombay mail has arrived, with dates to the 26th of November. In its summary of that date the *Bombay Gazette* says:—

"The actual state of the rebel army in Nepaul can perhaps be better estimated by a calculation of what it must be than by our reports. The rumours are perfectly contradictory. It is now stated that the Nana rather intends to maintain his position than he intends to retreat. One report is that he is dead, another that there was a consultation in his camp, and that the several leaders agreed to unite their forces and place them under his orders. Side by side with these reports are details of the dispersion of the Nana's followers in all directions, and the miserable plight to which they are reduced for want of food and clothing. One thing is certain, that our troops have taken the field against the rebels; the 54th (Queen's) have proceeded to the Gorakhpore frontier, and one or two engagements have already taken place, in which, as usual, the rebels retired, betaking themselves to jungles and out-of-the-way places. It is now stated that Jung Bahadur is going to assist us in expelling the rebels from his territories. About eight or ten thousand Gurkha troops with forty guns have already marched down the hills, and Jung will join the army at Bootwall. If this be the case the discomfiture of the rebels will be a quick and easy work."

"According to a letter in the *Englishman* from the Nepaul frontier, it is believed that the rebel force in that quarter consists of about 6000 of all kinds, of which about 1000 are sepoys. This number includes also camp followers, women, and children, so perhaps, besides the sepoys, only 3000 sepoys remain."

"In Central India it is feared that it will be necessary to carry on the war in the jungle. A body of rebels under the notorious Bhagjee Naik lately found their way to a village about twelve miles from Nasik. About 100 of the Ahmednugur and Nassick police, led by Mr. Souter, went after them, and succeeded in capturing the leader, who was hanged on the spot where he killed Captain Henry, a year ago, and in killing another chief and fifty-one men. Minor insurrections are going forward in other parts of India. The hill tribes in the Deccan are giving some trouble; and a party of Rohillas have been creating disturbances near Hingolee. Troops were sent after them, and they were surprised in a ravine a few miles from the cantonment of Hingolee. Fifteen of them were killed, including their leader, the Rohilla Jemadar, Shereef Khan. The Rohillas have also advanced on some villages near Hyderabad, and we fear that their movements will not be checked without considerable bloodshed."

The health of the British Army is admirable, and the Government is paying attention to the hill sanitaria.

The *Bombay Times* says that an important change is about to take place in the constitution of the Executive Council of the Viceroy, which is to be modelled somewhat after the fashion of her Majesty's Cabinet. "The members of Council will become Secretaries of State, and, as such, responsible for the conduct of all matters in their several departments. The present Secretaries will become Under Secretaries, we presume; and, should this important change really transpire, we augur the happiest results therefrom. The sinecures of the Council Board will no longer remain a standing offence to grievance-mongers; and, with distinct responsibilities devolving upon each member of the Government, we shall have the best guarantee of efficient departmental conduct. We are told that the new Indian Cabinet will stand as follows:—President and Secretary for Political Affairs, Lord Canning; Home Secretary, Sir Bartle Frere; Secretary at War, Sir James Outram; Minister of Finance, Right Hon. James Wilson. The power of opinion will give India a good Government yet. We are also assured that the admission of non-official members to the Legislative Council has been decided on."

ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE CONGRESS.

The French Cabinet has informed the Powers concerned that the opening of the Congress will not take place before the 19th of January.

Some more nominations of Plenipotentiaries to the Congress have become known. Prince Gortschakoff has been appointed first Plenipotentiary for Russia. Count Cavour and M. Desambrois will represent Piedmont. General Nordin and the Swedish Ambassador at Paris, Baron Adelsward, have been appointed Plenipotentiaries of Sweden to the Congress. Señor Calderon Colantes will be first Plenipotentiary of Spain, Señor Martinez de la Rosa having refused the post on account of his health. The King of Naples has appointed the Marquis d'Antonini as his first, and the Chevalier Canofari as his second, Plenipotentiary at the Congress. Some important news bearing on this subject will be found under the head "The Pope and the Congress."

THE DUCHIES.

M. Buoncompagni made his official entry into Florence on Thursday week. He was received with the utmost enthusiasm. A proclamation was issued by Buoncompagni on entering the Tuscan territory. He declares that he rests his dignity on the appointment by Carignan. He treats the Central Italian States, including the Romagna, as a league. He points to the promise of the Emperor of the French that the work of Italian national independence shall not be prevented by foreign intervention, and proclaims the name of Napoleon III. as one that will be immortal in history. He speaks of the European Congress about to assemble as destined to repair the evils that were done in 1815. He recommends temperate counsels, unity of will, and unshaken constancy. He appears among the Central Italians with no other ambition than that of seconding the Italian policy of Piedmont; and he calls himself, in conclusion, the Governor-General of the United Provinces of Central Italy.

The *Milan Gazette* announces that the ex-Duke of Modena has advanced with his troops towards the frontiers of his former States. Part of his army is already at Gonzaga, a frontier town. The same journal says that two dragoons in the Duke of Modena's service have been arrested at La Mirandola. They had 2000 twenty-franc pieces in their possession, and several letters proving that they were to organise a reactionary movement.

PECULIAR BY RUSSIAN OFFICIALS.—A St. Petersburg letter says:—"At the end of last year, as you have already heard, the Emperor appointed a military tribunal, presided over by General Mouravieff, to try persons guilty of peculation or negligence in the supply of the Army of the South and of the Army of the Crimea, during the campaign against the Allies. That court has just completed its labours, and delivered a very severe judgment. General-Major Zetler, and Colonel Mossinski, the chief intendants of the two armies, have been condemned to lose their rank, their decorations, and the dignity of nobility, and to be incorporated in the Army as common soldiers; Councillors Werderowski, Brodecki, Wit, and Chetchebrow have been subjected to the same sentence; Councillors Wojciechowski and Orlowsky have been sent into houses of correction; and Councillors Akiuin and Tchernoff dismissed from their situations."

THE FRENCH IN AUSTRALASIA.—It is stated, says the *Press*, "that owing to the increasing importance of the French establishments in Oceania, there is some idea of modifying the organisation of the possessions in that part of the world, so that for the future there shall be two distinct divisions, each having its own governor. The first would comprise Tahiti, the Marquesas, and neighbouring islands; and the second New Caledonia and its dependencies."

THE SKELETON OF A MAMMOTH was recently discovered in a quarry at Czortkow, in Galicia. One of the teeth was much damaged by the workmen who mistook it for a piece of wood, but there still remains a piece about two feet long and six inches in diameter at the base. The kneecap is as large as a man's head.

THE POPE AND THE CONGRESS.

The following are the salient points of the very important pamphlet of M. de la Guerrière, lately published in Paris. So much importance is attached to this pamphlet by the Pope that he declares it impossible for him to send any representative to the Congress unless the views of M. Guerrière are repudiated by the French Government, under whose sanction they are reported to have been set forth—if, indeed, the pamphlet was not originally penned by the Emperor himself:—

"We are of the opinion that the separation of the Romagna would not tend to diminish the temporal power of the Pope. His territory, it is true, would be diminished, but his political authority, disengaged of a resistance which paralyses it, would not be weakened, but morally strengthened. For, let us repeat it, the authority of the Head of the Church does not lie in the extent of a territory which he cannot retain except by the support of foreign arms, and in the number of subjects which he is obliged to oppress to make them submit; it lies in the confidence and respect which he inspires, and which relieve him from having recourse to extreme measures of rigour and constraint—bad for all Governments, but especially so for a Prince who reigns Gospel in hand. What matters it, then, to the prestige, to the dignity, to the greatness of the Sovereign Pontiff, the square miles comprised in his States? Does he want space to be beloved and venerated? Are not his benedictions and his teachings the most powerful manifestation of his right? Does he not love and bless the whole universe? Whether he rules over few or many, that is not the question; what is essential is that he should have a sufficient number of subjects to be independent, and that he should not have too many to be carried away by those currents of passions, of interests, of novelties which are produced everywhere where there are considerable agglomerations. The importance of the Pope does not consist in the twenty-one provinces which he actually possesses. Bologna, Ancona, and Ravenna, separated from Rome by a chain of mountains, the character of their inhabitants and historical souvenirs, add nothing to the splendour of Rome. The Pope, throning at Rome, his seat at the Vatican, is what awes (*frappe*) the world. The Sovereign of the Roman States is scarcely thought of."

"By restoring the Romagna to the Holy Father it would not be restoring to him respectful, submissive, and devoted subjects, ready to obey his behests; it would be giving him enemies of his power, resolved to resist him, and whom force alone could keep under. What would the Church gain thereby? It would be obliged to see unfaithful sons in rebellious subjects, and to excommunicate those it ought to strike. To assert its sovereignty it would, perhaps, have to renounce its noblest title—that of Mother. This is not what it desires. This is not what the Bishops and the Catholics desire. A resumption of possession acquired at such sacrifices would be a disaster and not a triumph. For some 100,000 inhabitants restored to the temporal sway of the Pope it would give a blow to his spiritual authority from which the protection of God and the wisdom of Europe will know how to protect it."

"But this is not all. Let us take the impossible supposition that the Church does not fear this damage, and that the Pope does not retreat before this extremity; let us suppose that it is agreed to restore the Romagna to the Pontifical Government—how is it to be done? Is it by the voice of persuasion, and by good counsel? But those means have been exhausted. The Emperor of the French, who has constantly defended the rights of the Holy See, has exercised all his moral authority to calm the public mind in Central Italy, and to reconcile the populations with their former Governments. It has not succeeded, and its influence failed before the impossible. There remains, then, but one means—force. It is force only which can restore the Romagna to the condition imposed upon it by treaties and by history. Can it be employed? And if employed, who is to be charged with executing it? Is it France? Is it Austria? . . . France! But she cannot do it. A Catholic nation, she would never consent to strike so serious a blow at the moral power of Catholicism. A liberal nation, she could not compel a people to submit to a Government which their will rejects. Catholics who seek such a triumph for the Church appear to us as dangerous for it as would be for the Monarchy the Royalists who would dream of re-establishing the ancient legitimacy by the aid of a new invasion. As regards compelling peoples, France is not used to such work. When she meddled in their affairs it was to enfranchise them, and not to oppress them. . . .

"Two extreme parties are opposed to each other: one wishes to deprive the Pope of everything, the other to give him all. They are two hypotheses equally inadmissible, and both, though radically contrary to each other, would have the same result for the Papacy. We believe there is another course that may be taken. First, we wish that the Congress should recognise as an essential principle of European order the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope. That is for us the chief point. The principle here appears to us to have more value than the territorial possession, more or less extensive, that will be its natural consequence. As for this territory itself, the city of Rome includes all that is most important in it; the rest is only secondary. The city of Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter must be guaranteed to the Sovereign Pontiff by the great Powers, with a considerable revenue, that the Catholic States will pay, as a tribute of respect and protection to the Head of the Church. An Italian militia, chosen from the élite of the Federal army, should secure the tranquillity and inviolability of the Holy See. Municipal liberties, as extensive as possible, should release the Papal Government from all the details of administration, and thus give a share of public local life to those who are disinherited of political activity. Finally, every complication, every idea of war and of revolt, must be for ever banished from the territory governed by the Pope, that it may be said, where reigns the Vicar of Christ, there also reign well-being, concord, and peace."

The Russian Ambassador, Count Kisself, is said to have declared to Count Walewski that this pamphlet contains—without considering the religious question, with which Russia does not intend to interfere—principles in opposition to the respect of authority on which the Russian Government is founded, and that, consequently, Russia will oppose the programme drawn up in that pamphlet. It is also asserted that Austria, Naples, and Spain will not send Plenipotentiaries to the Congress should the Pope not be represented.

The *Constitutionnel* of Monday, in an article signed by its principal editor, M. Grandguillot, says:—"The *Times* is perfectly correct in considering the pamphlet, "Le Pape et le Congrès," as a political expression of the good understanding and conciliation between France and England." The *Constitutionnel* congratulates itself on this result, as it is necessary that the two great nations of the West remain united in the interest of civilisation and of the European balance of power. M. Grandguillot calls the attention of his readers, however, to the difference in the political motives of the two nations, and states that France, far from intending to destroy the temporal power of the Pope, will, on the contrary, consolidate it by transforming it according to the wants of modern times.

The Liberal newspapers of Berlin which we have received take the side of the writer of the pamphlet, whom they declare to be far more rational than the Roman Catholic Bishops in Prussia who have petitioned the Prince Regent for the maintenance of the integrity of the Pope's dominions. The Austrian journals, on the contrary, whether Conservative or Liberal, declare that, if the French Government identifies itself with the policy sketched out in the pamphlet, it renders itself guilty of a breach of the most solemn engagements with the Emperor Francis Joseph.

BRITISH INTERESTS IN MEXICO.—Our Foreign Secretary, in a note which he penned in reply to a City memorial, asking him to protect British interests in Mexico, says that the civil war in that unhappy country rages with so much intensity that it is difficult to say which is the *de facto* Government. "Her Majesty's Government," continues Lord John, "are endeavouring to come to some understanding with other Powers respecting the advice to be offered, and you may be assured that no opportunity will be lost of interfering by counsel with a view to bring about a termination of the present devastating and sanguinary war."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ENGLISHMAN AND A FRENCHMAN.

THE *Times* reports a conversation between an Englishman and a Frenchman as to the relations between the two countries. We are led to infer that the Frenchman is no less a personage than the Emperor; while Mr. Cobden is the Englishman of the dialogue.

The latter begins by reporting the distrust felt in England. The Frenchman thus defends the Emperor:

Facts shall speak first, and figures after. Now, the Emperor has given to no foreign Power more than to England guarantees of his desire to live in good harmony. Hardly had he ascended to power, when he dispatched, in spite of the Assembly, the French fleet to make common cause with yours in the East. Subsequently he united himself with you in the Crimean war; and, when the insurrection which broke out in India employed all your army in Asia, did he profit by the absence of your forces to pick a quarrel with you? On the contrary, he offered to the English troops a passage through France. He subscribed, as well as the Imperial Guard, for your wounded, while (he said in passing, and without meaning to reproach) our wounded in Italy seemed to find you indifferent. Finally, how many measures for the last ten years have been proposed by divers Governments which might have shocked England? He has rejected them all, and made no merit whatever in your eyes of the rejection. How can so many proofs of a cordiality so constant be all at once forgotten? . . . From the very day when he proposed and concluded peace people were pleased to attribute to him ambitious designs; he was represented as marching to new conquests when, arresting the impetuosity of his troops, he so resolutely traced the limit beyond which he would not push his victory. There is, then, something insensate in converting into one eager for war the man than whom none can wish to be more pacific; and into a cause of fear what ought to be a pledge of security.

Englishman—The conduct of the Emperor would, I admit, be the most appropriate argument to convince us, and his sympathy for England has never ceased to inspire us with confidence. But the people—but the army! Come now, frankly speaking, do they not both detest us? And will not public opinion force your Sovereign some day to declare war against us?

Frenchman—To such questions as these I reply—Error, error the most grave, my dear Sir. It cannot be denied that there is at bottom, in both countries, a remnant of rancour and rivalry which still subsists, but subsists much more in latent than in an aggressive state. Material interests on one side, liberal ideas on the other, tend incessantly to draw the two countries closer to each other. Moreover, France is more practical than you imagine. What advantage, material or moral, could a war with you bring us? None—absolutely none. Consequently, no one desires it. But have you expressed all your thoughts? Do you not keep silent as to the cause of this mistrust which is so universal in England against the Emperor and his Government? Be candid, and I shall be the same.

Englishman—Well, then, I will be candid. Here is our decisive reason, our principal grievance; the development given to the French navy is out of all proportion to the requirements and the greatness of your country.

Frenchman—This is another prejudice; is it possible that a man like you should share it? Truly, if instead of being some hours distant from our frontier, England was at the antipodes, one would not find it a greater stranger than you appear to be as to what is passing in France. You speak of our extraordinary armaments, but are you quite sure of the fact? Some journals have printed it; you have read it. Some persons have told you of it; you have repeated it, and you believe it—that's all. Such is the only source of your conviction. Learn, then, what is doing in France, and hold it for certain. Not a centime can be spent without the vote of the Legislative Corps, and without the previous examination of the Council of State. Consult the estimates of the navy and army, and you shall find in them no excessive expenditure on the part of the Government.

Englishman—Your estimates are nothing to me, my dear Sir; I am ignorant as to how they are arranged. Figures are easy of handling, and are susceptible of every combination. Facts, on the contrary, are inflexible; and since you have appealed to them I will appeal to them in turn. At Toulon and Brest you are building plated ships; against whom can they be intended, if not against us? At Nantes you have on the stocks hundreds of flat-bottomed boats; for what purpose, if it be not to throw in an instant 20,000 soldiers on our coast? And, then, your immense supplies of fuel, and the prodigious activity of your arsenals? Everywhere you are building ships; everywhere you are casting rifled cannon and projectiles of all kinds. These are so many evident facts, and of public notoriety. What answer will you give me to them?

Frenchman—The most categorical in the world. Give me your attention, for I will now quote laws and regulations, authentic reports, and go back to a period which will not be suspected by you. According to a Royal ordinance of the 22nd of November, 1846, the total strength of the naval forces on the peace footing was to be 238 ships, of which 40 were liners and 50 frigates—sailing-vessels. When the war in the Crimea came on France had very few steam-ships; it was easy to see that sailing-ships had passed their time, and that it was necessary to boldly admit the principle that henceforth every man-of-war must be a steamer. The Emperor consequently named in 1853, under the presidency of Admiral Hamelin, a commission to fix the basis of a new fleet necessary for France. The commission reported in favour of transforming the sailing-ships and of appropriating to them our ports, giving them especially the yards and docks which they required. The report terminated by demanding that the annual grant for the maintenance of the material of the fleet should be augmented by an annual sum of 23,000,000£ for thirteen years, the period judged indispensable to complete their transformation. Of that sum 5,000,000£ were applied to the ports. The Council of State, when called upon to give its opinion, reduced to 17,000,000£ for thirteen years the amount of extraordinary credits demanded for the navy. Do not tire, my dear Sir, with these details. Here is one quite recent, and not less precise:—In 1859 our fleet consisted of twenty-seven ships of the line and fifteen frigates, screws, completed, and of three plated frigates. We have, then, in order to arrive at the force on a peace footing, decided under Louis Philippe, thirteen ships of the line to transform, and thirty-five frigates to build, which, I repeat, will still require ten years at least. As for the plated frigates—the invention of the Emperor—nothing is more natural than to construct them as an experiment, since if they succeed they can be advantageously substituted for ships of the line. But this is not all. The necessity of having only a steam fleet entailed on us expenses from which England may be exempted. When our fleet used sails, and we had an expedition to send—as, for instance, to Africa, to the Crimea, and to Italy—it was easy to find among the tradesailing-transports for men, horses, or stores. But at the present day our merchant navy is not sufficiently developed to enable us to find steam-transports when we have need of them. We are therefore forced to build them, in order to have at all times a certain number ready. And this imperious obligation is so present to us that, at the very moment I am speaking to you, all our transports are proceeding to China; and, that we may not be entirely without resources, and be unprovided, the naval department has been obliged to purchase three large steam-ships in England. You see, then, I have at heart to convince you that I penetrate without hesitation to the very bottom of things, and I disclose to you the minutest details of our situation.

Englishman—These categorical explanations begin to reassure me. But have you any such to give me on the supplies of coals and the boats intended for the landing of troops?

Frenchman—I will continue with the same frankness. Some months back your Tory Ministry was so much opposed to the war in Italy that everything announced its wish to place itself on the side of Austria. It was even on the point of causing coal to be considered as contraband of war. Now, our navy used only English coal. The Minister had then to occupy himself with that semi-hostile attitude of your Ministry, and to look about for the means of supplying, in case of need, the French fleet with French coal. It was his duty not to leave our supplies at the mercy of your Government. With this object, essays were made to change our boilers, and coal was brought to Nantes, which was to be directed to Brest by the internal canals. Sixty iron barges, of a very small draught of water, were built to facilitate the transport of coal over the docks; but these boats, very different from those which serve for the landing of troops, did not merit the honour of exciting your apprehensions and disturbing your sleep.

Englishman—Very good. Yet, for all that, you did not the less order from us a very considerable quantity of coal.

Frenchman—That is perfectly true. The important part, however, is to know for what purpose we wanted this great quantity of coal which frightens you. Well, then, it is exclusively destined to supply our fleet in China and in other parts of the globe. Thus, since the 1st of July we have chartered in France fifty-one ships, carrying 26,000 tons of coal, to Martinique, to French Guiana, to Senegal, to Goree, to the Island of Réunion, to Mayotte, to Hong-Kong, to Shanghai, to Saigon, to the Mauritius, to Singapore. We have chartered in England twenty-five ships, carrying 31,000 tons of coal, to Hong-Kong, Woosung, Singapore, Clusan, St. Paul de Loanda, and the Cape of Good Hope. Of all these details there is not one of which you may not procure the material proof, and then you must agree with me that the apprehensions of your countrymen are chimerical, and without reasonable foundation.

Englishman—I am willing to admit that what you tell me has the appearance of truth. I have a last objection, and it concerns your arsenals. If, as you assure me, your Government does not contemplate recommending the war, why does it continue to show such great activity?

Frenchman—I have in vain insisted on one essential point—viz., that, like other countries, we are in a complete state of transformation, but you seem not to wish to comprehend it. We have to change not only all the material of the navy, but on land also the whole of our artillery, and, although the Emperor had in Italy two hundred rifled cannon, he will still

require three or four years to entirely accomplish the definitive transformation.

Englishman—I thank you for all this information; and I shall turn it to account.

Frenchman—Permit me one more observation. You have avowed frankly all the apprehensions which my country causes you, but I have not expressed to you the whole of my opinion on yours. If in England people are convinced that France desires to declare war against you, we here are, in our turn, well convinced that the mistrust excited on the other side of the Channel is a party manoeuvre. The Tory party, dissolved, as you are aware, by Sir Robert Peel, seeks the means of reconstructing itself; and, according to it, the best possible one would be by reviving the name of France, and by seeking, as in 1804, to form a European coalition against her. The statesmen who at this day take the lead in public opinion cannot be ignorant of all that I have just told you. Among us it is well understood that the Tories, in place of combating these errors, labour to gain them credit, and pursue their policy with traditional perseverance. People ought to take care, however, lest by dint of wishing to deceive others they end by deceiving themselves. There was a certain Marseillaise whose history occurs to me quite opportunely, and with which I may close a conversation which is already too long. Our Marseillaise, wishing to have a joke at the expense of his fellow-citizens, went about crying out that a whale had just entered the port of Marseilles. His pleasure succeeded, and every one ran to the port. Soon, drawn on by the example, he himself began to run in the same direction to see, with the others, if his invention was not a reality.

SCOTLAND.

HOW TO EVADE THE FORBES MACKENZIE ACT.—The Edinburgh folks have discovered how to drink whisky on Sundays without incurring the penalties of the Forbes Mackenzie Act. A club is formed. The members are admitted without ballot by paying 2s. admission fee. Each member can introduce two friends. They have a club-master at a salary. The police were ordered to enter the club, and they were refused admission. M'Arthur, the club-master, was summoned; but Sheriff Hallard decided that the police had no right to enter a club.

THE PROVINCES.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—An old man named James Williams, of Worcester, was returning home from his work on Friday week when his nephew, John Williams, knocked him down, and cut him about the face and throat awfully. The old man made great resistance, and uttered loud cries, on which his assailant decamped. James Williams managed to crawl back to his master's, where his wounds were dressed. John Williams was apprehended in bed the same night. The attack is attributed to revenge, the prisoner having been prosecuted for bigamy in marrying the old man's daughter.

THE TRUCK SYSTEM.—A jury in the Court of Exchequer has given a verdict against the proprietor of the *Midland Express* for libel, damages £5. The facts of the case are these:—One Homer, a manufacturer at Earl Shilton, near Hinckley, has a wife who keeps a grocer's shop adjoining the factory. There was a strike in the Hinckley district in consequence of a reduction of the very small wages that the framework-knitters could earn. This led to the publication in the *Midland Express* of a paper issued "by order of the trade," taking Homer to task for his conduct and calling him a "track-master." It was followed up by a letter in which the libel was repeated. The defence was justification, that the libels are and were true, Homer declared on oath that they were false. It appeared in evidence that Homer was charging at the rate of £2 10s. per frame per annum for rent, which frame originally cost £3. A knitter can earn 12s. a week at the best, subject to a reduction of nearly 2s. 6d. for frame-rent, candles, &c. Some earn less. It was not "proven" that Homer forced his workpeople to buy goods at his shop, or gave tickets for goods in lieu of money.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN YORKSHIRE.—The Yorkshire papers contain accounts of a shock of an earthquake having been felt on the 15th inst. in different parts of that county. One account says that room-doors were hastily thrown open, and even the beds on which the alarmed inmates lay were shaken as if by a strong man. There are other accounts describing the phenomena as having been felt at Pateley-bridge and other parts of the county. It appears that they were felt over an area of more than 200 square miles—at least the correspondent of one of the local papers says so.

SHEEP AND HORSES POISONED.—At Firbeck, near Tickhill, Mr. Singlehurst, a farmer, has lost more than forty sheep, besides several horses and cattle, poisoned. It was at first supposed that they had been killed by electricity, but an investigation leads to the belief that they were all poisoned by rape-cake, forwarded from Liverpool as manure, but used as food for cattle. An analysis of the cake shows that it contains mineral poison.

ROBBERY OF GOVERNMENT METAL.—The Portsmouth dockyard police seized at the Landport railway station, on Monday evening, a cask containing 300lb. weight of ships' copper bolts cut up into different lengths. The greater portion—about three-fourths—had had the "broad arrow" removed by the application of the file, but the remainder have the broad arrow still upon them. The cask was directed on the back of one of the sender's own carts—"A. Morris Harris, glass-merchant and marine-store dealer, adjoining the police-station, Landport-road," and was directed to "Mr. Marks, Tilley-street, Spitalfields, London." Mr. Morris Harris, it is almost needless to say, is "not at home." The plundering of copper in this shape from the Portsmouth yard has been carried on now for some time to a very great extent. It is known that upwards of a ton was sent on one occasion by rail from this town to London only a short time since; but the information came to hand too late to be of any service.

CRUELTY ON BOARD AMERICAN SHIPS.—At the Liverpool Police Court, on Saturday, Philander Hall, second mate, and Daniel Davenport, boatswain, of the American ship *John Bright*, were charged with causing the death of a seaman named Green by various acts of ill-treatment. Two passengers by the vessel, named Fritchard and Hackett, stated that on several occasions during the voyage the deceased was brutally ill-treated by the two prisoners. On the day of starting the boatswain struck him on the arm with a piece of chain, and as he was running away the second mate knocked him down with his fist. The man shouted "Murder!" and asked to be put on shore, but he was sent ashore, and afterwards placed in irons. His face was covered with blood, and as he was lying on the deck the second mate jumped on his head. On another occasion he was beaten with a rope's-end by the same prisoner, who followed him about the deck. At another time he was sent up to the foregiving, although scarcely able to stand on his feet, and the second mate beat him again in the same manner because he did not go quick enough. Before his death, which took place about four days previous to the vessel reaching Liverpool, the poor fellow complained of having been kicked, and expressed a wish that some one would throw him overboard, as the prisoners were gradually killing him. Hackett said that the deceased was covered with black and blue spots on various parts of his body, and that he had black eyes during nearly the whole of the voyage. He had seen the second mate take a large packing-needle and push the deceased about with it along the deck. A surgeon, who had also been a passenger on board, said he had attended the deceased a few hours before he died, and found him suffering from inflammation of the lung, which was solely the cause of death. Having been seldom on deck, he had not seen any of the ill-treatment spoken of by the other witnesses. With the exception of a bruise on the hip, he did not find marks of any violence, but had only made a cursory examination of the body. The case was remanded, and in the meantime the evidence would be submitted to the American Ambassador in London and the Home Secretary.

CLERICAL BIGAMY.—The *Leeds Mercury* says:—"Within the last few days a warrant has been placed in the hands of the chief constable of Leeds for the apprehension of the Rev. Harry Lloyd Bickerstaffe, late of Headingley, on a charge of bigamy. The reverend gentleman has resided for a short time at Headingley, though he held no appointment, and his conduct there was not such as to excite much respect for his clerical character; indeed, doubts were raised in the minds of some as to his sanity. The information upon which the warrant has been issued charges him with marrying Anna Maria Campbell, of Baker-street, London, at West Linton, Cambridgeshire, his wife, Maria B. Bickerstaffe, being still alive. He is described in the *Hue and Cry* as thirty-two years of age, of juvenile and somewhat effeminate appearance, and as being fond of snuff. He has been Curate of the following places:—Thornes, near Wakefield; St. Andrew's, Acoats, Manchester; Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester; Chapel-le-Dale, near Ingleton, Yorkshire; Port Glasgow, Scotland; and Godalming, Surrey, at the last of which places he became acquainted with Miss Campbell, representing himself as a single man."

REFUSAL TO BURY A BODY.—Considerable excitement has been caused at Bakewell by a woman named Mary Long refusing to bury her mother, who had died, aged 86. The Vicar and others failing to persuade her to comply, and seventeen days having elapsed, steps were taken to enforce the burial. Two guardians, two overseers, two surgeons, and two inhabitants, having made the necessary complaint, met at the Constabulary Office, and Superintendent Rust was appointed their officer under the Act to carry out the necessary proceedings. Notice was served on Mary Long, but, as she persisted in refusing, the necessary steps were taken by Superintendent Rust to "view" the alleged nuisance. After much trouble an entrance was obtained. The body had been properly put into a coffin and shrouded. The relatives, on the 15th instant, buried the body in the cemetery at Bakewell. The two females had lived a very secluded life, often shutting up their house for weeks together. They were persons of property. Their haystacks had rotted to the ground, and the last year's crop was unmarketed.

BEWARE OF THE PASTRYCOOK!—On Thursday, the 15th inst., various persons became seriously ill after eating Bath buns purchased of a confectioner at Bedlam. Among the sufferers were six youths, pupils at a leading school at Clinton. Within half an hour after eating the buns they were seized with deadly nausea and other unmistakable symptoms of irritant poison. Enemas having been promptly administered, the greater part of the material was fortunately removed from the stomach before much absorption had taken place. Nevertheless, the violent symptoms lasted six or eight hours, and one lad, who had eaten three buns, was in some danger from collapse. Mr. May, a publican, who had also partaken of the buns with like effect, applied to the magistrates for a writ last Monday, but as he had not been poisoned outright they could afford no assistance. The confectioner, when closely pressed, admitted that, being ambitious of making his buns appear extra rich, he had coloured them with chrome-yellow (i.e., chromate of lead, an insidious poison, and, like all the compounds of lead, persistent and accumulative in its action on the system). To procure this he repaired to a druggist only two doors off, who must therefore have known his occupation, and might have suspected the probable use to which he would apply a yellow powder. However, "no questions asked" was the order of the day, the payment was handed over, and the buyer and seller are at direct variance as to whether or no the word "poison" was written on the packet. The confectioner confesses that he mixed this powder with his dough in the proportion of about six grains to each bun, and in a very few hours his unsuspecting customers were writhing in agony from its effects. But the worst is not yet told. One of the buns was placed in the hands of a chemist for analysis. This disclosed that no chromate of lead was present at all (indeed it could not have produced such speedy and violent effects), but that the colouring matter was pure orpiment, or yellow sulphide of arsenic. The druggist, when asked by a baker for a slow poison, had sold him one of the most deadly under a false name. Application was subsequently made for a sample of this powder. He produced a brown paper parcel of it, loosely tied, and scattering its poisonous contents on all sides. Having put up a sample, he wrote on it "Chrome yellow" (chromate of lead), though it was taken as was labelled. The druggist, when asked in which it was made, said it was actually made for him.

MURDER NEAR NOTTINGHAM.—On Monday evening two brothers named Herbert and Alfred Slack were proceeding across the park which leads from Nottingham to Lenton, when they overtook two other persons, named Clark and Weston, who were going in the same direction. Shortly afterwards Herbert Slack commenced annoying Weston, and then assaulted him. The affair between them, however, was made up on Slack promising to give him a half-sovereign. About ten minutes afterwards the men arrived at Lenton. The brothers then whispered to each other, and the younger Slack went to his brother's house, a short distance off, and in a few minutes returned with a dagger-stick. With this weapon the elder Slack stabbed Clark in the neck. The unfortunate man fell to the ground and almost instantly expired. The two Slacks were taken into custody.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE ON BOARD AN AMERICAN SHIP.—On Saturday last one of those brutal cases which have too often recently brought disgrace upon the mercantile marine of the United States was investigated at the Liverpool Police Court. Philander Hall, second mate, and Daniel Davenport, boatswain, of the American ship *John Bright*, were brought up charged with having caused the death of a seaman named Green on board that vessel. Two passengers, named Fritchard and Hackett, stated that, on several occasions during the voyage the deceased was brutally ill-treated by the two prisoners. On the day of starting the boatswain struck him on the arm with a piece of chain, and as he was running away the second mate knocked him down with his fist. The man shouted "Murder!" and asked to be put on shore, but he was sent ashore, and afterwards placed in irons. His face was covered with blood, and as he was lying on the deck the second mate jumped on his head. On another occasion he was beaten with a rope's-end by the same prisoner, who followed him about the deck. At another time he was sent up to the foregiving, although scarcely able to stand on his feet, and the second mate beat him again in the same manner because he did not go quick enough. Before his death, which took place about four days previous to the vessel reaching Liverpool, the poor fellow complained of having been kicked, and expressed a wish that some one would throw him overboard, as the prisoners were gradually killing him. Hackett said that he was not anchored at Jackin, to which place the brigantine was said to have been bound, proceeded in chase, and came up with her working off the land on a wind. No satisfactory answer being returned when hailed, she was boarded. The boarding officers returned apparently satisfied with the result and with the account given by the person representing himself as the master of the vessel. But doubt as to her honesty remained in Lieutenant Chapman's mind, and, there being almost a calm, he decided on steaming back to Jackin, where he learned that a vessel had shipped slaves there the previous afternoon. Accordingly, he proceeded again in chase of the brigantine, and came up with her at 10 a.m. on the 26th. Lieutenant Chapman boarded in person, and directed the hatches to be opened, whence issued immediately the frantic cries of stifling hundreds of human beings, who were huddled together in heaps, naked, regardless of sex or age. At the same time two or three of the slave's crew leaped out of the hold, naked to the waist, and begrimed with the blood of the wretched blacks, whom they had cruelly lashed into keeping silence, looking in every respect perfect demons. The vessel was found to contain 500 slaves, and was taken in tow to Whydah, and dispatched next day to Sierra Leone, with the slaves all healthy, for adjudication in the Prize Court at that place.

THE DEFENCES OF CHATHAM.—The Royal Commissioners having reported on the defenceless state of Chatham Dockyard, it is intended to put that establishment in a thorough state of defence. This will be effected by the erection of batteries and earthworks in that part of the Medway near St. Mary's Creek, at the extreme eastern end of the dockyard, on which will be mounted several of the heaviest of the Armstrong long-range guns. Upnor Castle, facing the dockyard, which was built in the sixteenth century by Queen Elizabeth, for the protection of the dockyard and arsenal, is also to be repaired and mounted with several guns which will sweep the river at the eastern portion of the dockyard.

DISASTROUS FIRES.—A fire, involving the loss of four lives and injury to several persons, occurred on Friday week in Little George-street, Westminster. The fire broke out in the lower part of the house. A Mrs. Wilson first threw her child out of the window and then jumped out herself, falling on the spikes. Two women and a child were coming down the stairs, when they broke up 'er them. Miss Chapman, Mrs. Chapman, her child, and Henry Wilson, were burnt to death. The shop of a linen-draper in Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The inmates were rescued with great difficulty.

A ROW IN THE HAREEM.

In England there has been a great outcry on the part of husbands at the extravagance of their wives in dress—at the monstrous complaint of the ladies that they have "nothing to wear." Why, we all know that the toilet of our wives and daughters is infinitely more and more expensive now than ever; that a skirt takes twice as many "widths" as it used to do; and that we "lords of creation," who pay the milliners' bills, have more than a right to grumble at the enormity of the items.

But we do not suffer alone. The staid old Turk, even, has had to rouse himself, and insist upon a reform in the economy of his house. He, indeed, deserves all our pity and commiseration; for where we have only one better half to provide for he has, in many cases, over a dozen.

Turkey, like a few other countries suddenly opened to Western civilization, has received rather too much of it, and has found one or two of its most recent refinements somewhat overpowering. The country has been overrun with a plague of milliners' bills. The ladies of the Imperial hareem had let their accounts run up to so superhuman a figure

that the State finances, which contribute to the Sultan's civil list exactly what the Sultan pleases, had fallen into utter disorder; and confusion on a more modest scale was reigning in all private dwellings. The sex in Constantinople has found, however, what it is to have a Turk for a husband; and gentlemen sued for their wives' bills may now plead before the Mufti that crinoline and diamonds are illegal under the statute of Abdul Medjid.

Look at our enraged Pacha who is storming and raving at some Armenian merchant's account for little *un-necessaries* supplied to his numerous "ribs." In fact, the taste for extravagance has become so great amongst all classes of Turkish ladies, especially in the article of attire, that the Sultan has issued an edict to regulate the dress and habits of the women. This ordinance amounts to this: they are to abstain as much as possible from paying visits, or, if they insist on making calls, are to dress in dark cloth robes and yellow morocco boots.

Alas that no arbitrary measure of this kind can be introduced for the protection of the English *Paterfamilias!*

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

The *Times* correspondent at Victoria says that "the United States' authorities on the island of San Juan, both civil and military, have been guilty of many petty acts calculated to annoy the British authorities and subjects, and to keep up the irritation produced by the invasion and subsequent occupation of the disputed territory. For instance, they arrested, fined, and imprisoned a British subject for selling a few bottles of spirits on the island, and only liberated him after he was mulcted in some of the dollars found in the poor fellow's pocket. Again, some American, usurping the authority of collector of customs, seized the baggage of Major De Courcy, the English stipendiary magistrate resident on the island, on occasion of his return from a trip on official business to Victoria the other day, and the baggage was only restored at the instance of Captain Prevost, in command of her Majesty's ship *Satellite*, stationed off the island. Both these outrages were perpetrated under colour of the exclusive sovereignty assumed on the first landing of the American forces, which it is pretended justified the extension of the United States' revenue laws to San Juan. Con-



TURKISH PACHA

sidering that General Harney admitted his proceedings were taken on his own responsibility, and without authority from the United States' Government, the commission of such acts as these, pending the receipt of advices from Washington, could only have been prompted by wantonness, or as a direct insult, or on purpose to provoke a national quarrel.

To carry out the principle of exclusive sovereignty to its utmost extreme, on Captain Prevost having caused a pathway to be cut through the bush on the shore to facilitate the communications of his officers on land, the road was no sooner finished than an American sentinel was placed over it. This act was excused on the plea that the sentry was put there to prevent 'loafers' from using the road; but the validity of this excuse is negatived by the fact that on Captain Prevost making another road it was left without a sentry. There is also the case of some fishermen from Victoria having been driven away at the point of a loaded rifle from fishing in the disputed waters between San Juan and Lopez Island, on the east of the former, on the plea that they were trespassing on American waters. This act is not charged directly to

the American authorities; but it is a corollary to the unlawful assumptions made by them on the island.

"It is proper that I should qualify my condemnation of the proceedings at San Juan by doing the officers stationed there the justice of saying that, so far as they are personally concerned, nothing could be more correct, officerlike, and gentlemanly, than their conduct and demeanour. Nor is the general Government chargeable with any of the monstrous acts of General Harney, who took his measures without instructions.

"While we were waiting in much anxiety to know how the two Governments would act in the premises, General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, who, as you must be aware, was dispatched from Washington on purpose on a mission of peace and amity to settle the affair, arrived, and immediately on his arrival opened a correspondence with Governor Douglas, offering the withdrawal of some of the American forces, and proposing a joint military occupation of the island, to be continued by an equal force of English and American soldiers until the question of the title should be settled by the two Governments by diplomacy.

A joint military occupation was declined by the Governor, but a joint civil occupation proposed by him. This was rejected by General Scott, and after some parleying on paper, in which the best possible feeling was displayed on both sides, the General determined to remove all the troops and artillery except Captain Pickett's company, which was the first that landed on and occupied the island. He has issued an order to this effect, of which he sent the Governor a copy; and the day before yesterday the General called at the island, but did not land, to enforce the execution of his order. Thus the matter stands. The several companies are ordered back to their different posts in Washington Territory and Oregon, except Captain Pickett's company of fifty men, who are ordered to remain on the island.

"All that the Governor could do in this stage of the affair, while he is without orders from his Government, was to express his satisfaction at the removal of so many of the American troops, which he hopes is an earnest of the intention of the United States' Government to restore the status of the island to what it was before Harney's invasion, and to state that he would report proceedings to his Government."



THE CITADEL AND TOWN OF CORFU, FROM THE ISLAND OF VIDO.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE
ON BOXING DAY.

Nor the least interesting feature in the festivities at the Crystal Palace on Monday was, that representatives of every metropolitan corps that has decided on its uniform were to be seen there. The brilliant scarlet of the Artillery Company; the scarlet, green, and gold, of the 1st Surrey Rifles; and the dark braided tunics of the Victoria Rifles, with the grey of the South Middlesex and the Marylebone, blended in picturesque variety with the costumes of the thousands of civilians which crowded the building, reminding the spectator more of a scene of public amusement on the Continent than of anything to which we are accustomed in England.

An arrangement had been made that the London Brigade, 1st Surrey, and South Middlesex should meet at the Palace and go through a number of brigade evolutions; but the miserable state of the weather

prevented the idea being carried out. The London, however, came down in force by train, accompanied by their band; but some feeling of disappointment was felt at the members marching on to the ground cloaked, and without rifles. They and the 1st Surrey met in front of the terrace, the latter uncloaked and their caps even uncovered, although they had marched a distance of five miles through the rain from their head-quarters, and each man was provided with a short rifle. They were accompanied by the band of the corps and the drums and fifes of the Scots Fusilier Guards.

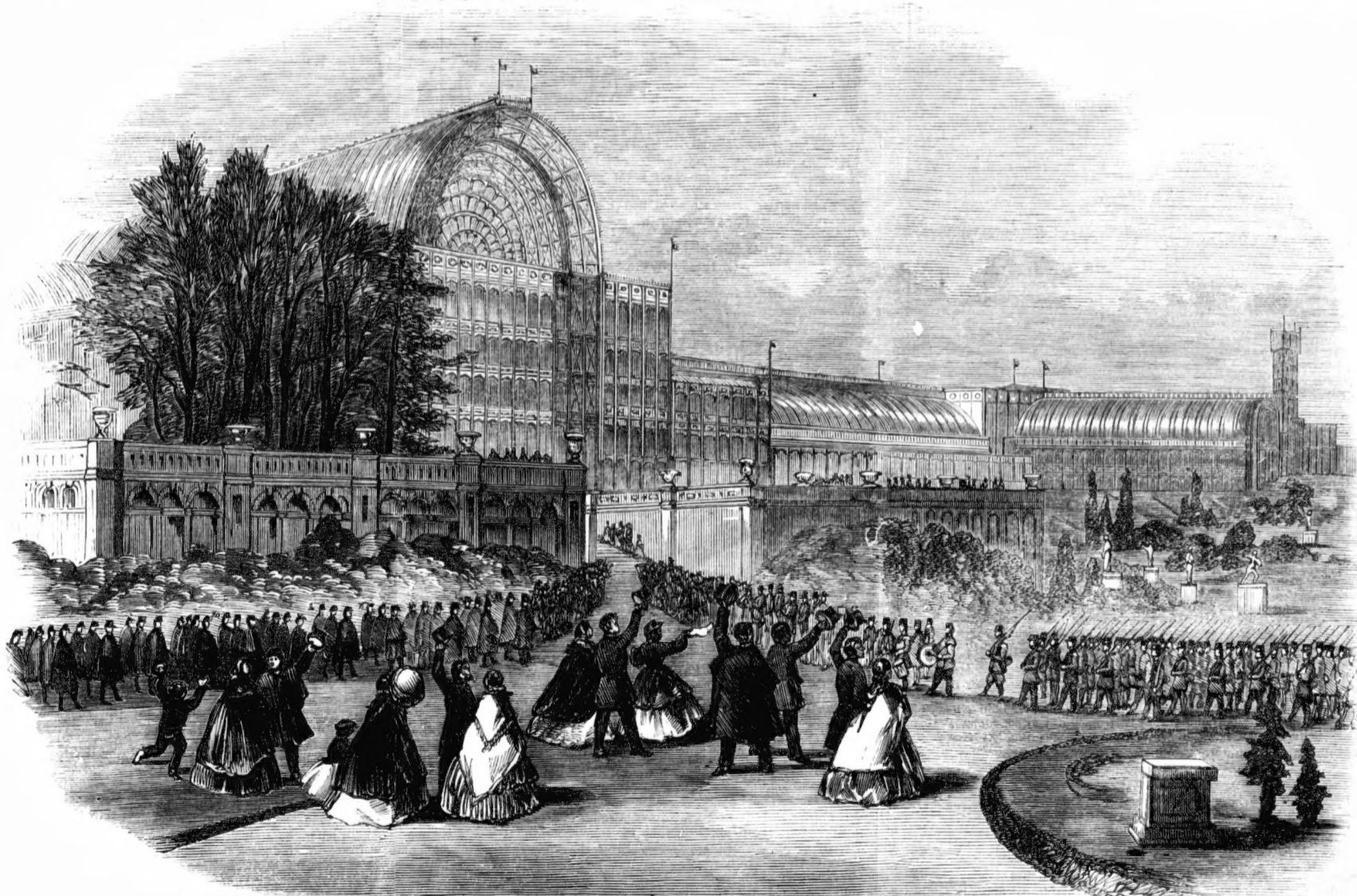
The corps broke up before entering the palace, when the members fraternised with the representatives of the corps who had gone down singly; and the brotherhood of soldiership was cemented by cold chicken, sandwiches, and stout, until the hour of departure—three o'clock—when the bugles of the Surrey sounded the assembly. A number of the riflemen who had visited the palace independently,

although the holders of return-tickets, accompanied them, through mud and mire, on their march homewards.

CORFU.

THE town of Corfu, of which we give an Illustration, has lately been honoured by a Royal visitor in the person of Prince Alfred, whose ship, the *Euryalus*, made a call at the island en passant.

His Royal Highness on landing was received at the stairs of San Nicolo by the Admiral, the General commanding the forces, the principal officers and heads of departments, and the President of the Senate, who accompanied him to the Palace, which is closely adjacent, and where the Lord High Commissioner and all the principal civil dignitaries of the island were assembled to greet him. The squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Rodney Mundy, manned yards and fired a



THE RIFLE CORPS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Royal salute, the bands struck up "God Save the Queen," the guard of honour presented arms, and the young Prince, surrounded by a brilliant staff, was ushered into the Government Palace. Although a considerable crowd of people had assembled, it cannot be said that they made much demonstration.

In the afternoon his Royal Highness visited different parts of the town, in company with the Lord High Commissioner, and followed by a considerable number of persons, who seemed much interested by his youthful naval appearance. In the evening the town was much more generally illuminated than might have been anticipated, and although the houses of the English and Anglo-Greeks were principally distinguished by the brilliancy of their designs, those of the more opulent Greeks were well lighted, and the whole city seemed to have assumed a holiday air. The beautiful esplanade which fronts the Lord High Commissioner's Palace was crowded by male and female promenaders, while the Greek band performed under the windows of the Palace, in which a banquet was being held in honour of the Royal guest. The following day there was an excursion into the country, and a ride with the C.G.P.H. (Corfu Garrison Paper Hunt), who held a meet for the occasion. In the evening his Royal Highness attended the Opera in the Lord High Commissioner's box. The building was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, and tastefully decorated with flowers and devices in the interior, and the attendance of both English and Greeks was most numerous.

During Prince Alfred's stay in Corfu he steamed over to Albania, in company with Sir Henry Storks, the Admiral, and a numerous party of naval and military officers, all bent on the destruction of woodcocks. We have not ascertained what bag was made; but no doubt a good run in the hills of Albania has done much for the taste and health of Prince Alfred, who would, perhaps, have enjoyed himself the more had he been unattended by so numerous a cortège of distinguished persons.

A grand dinner at the residence of the President of the Senate, and a ball at the palace, concluded the festivities held at Corfu in honour of his Royal Highness, who then left for Malta in his ship.

THE CHURCH DEFENDED.

A REPORT was published on Wednesday of a meeting held "last week" (the day is not given) at the Freemasons' Hall, under the presidency of Earl Nelson, to form "The Church Institution," which it was considered desirable to establish before the meeting of Parliament. It may be mentioned that during the last Session of Parliament joint meetings of the clergy and laity were held in Sion College (under the presidency of the Archdeacon of London) and elsewhere, at which 200 laymen of the archdeaconry of London, and 300 of the archdeaconry of Middlesex, making 500 for the diocese of London, were nominated by the clergy as consultees on Church matters, and upon the recommendation of the laity of the archdeaconry of Middlesex the influential meeting over which Lord Nelson presided was convened.

The noble Earl said it appeared to him that the plan proposed for a joint union of the clergy and laity in rural deaneries throughout the country, with a strong central representative organisation in London, would do more for the Church than any other plan that could be suggested could possibly accomplish.

Mr. G. Howells Davies, the secretary, read a brief report, and set forth the names of a vast number of the nobility, clergymen, and laymen, who had given in their adhesion to the principles of the proposed association.

Mr. Henry Hoare, the banker, moved the adoption of the report, and dwelt at some length on the importance of organising the laity in promotion of the great work of the Church.

Mr. A. Beresford Hope moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting rejoices to have heard from Mr. Hoare the cordial approval of the right reverend the Bishops of the work of this institution, and considers that the progress made has been eminently satisfactory and encouraging." Mr. Hope denounced the agitation against church rates, and also the agitation against the Prayer-book. He was happy to say that two associations had been formed in London for the defence of the Prayer-book—one at Sion College, which might be called the convocation of the clergy of London; and the other an organisation which had issued an address in which the names of High Churchmen and Low Churchmen appeared as having a common object on which they could join together. Another thing they might resist was the proposal for tampering with the old marriage-law of the land, and the breaking up of old domestic affections.

Mr. J. G. Hubbard, M.P., seconded the resolution, which was agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. Antonio Brady, seconded by Mr. Traill, an influential executive committee, consisting of noblemen, members of Parliament, and others, was appointed, and the new institution was declared duly organised.

Mr. Henry Hoare was elected treasurer.

DISASTROUS SHIPWRECK.—FIFTY LIVES LOST.

On Saturday a telegram was published in London to the effect that a number of cases had been picked up near Calais bearing the name "Blerrie Castle." Further particulars have since come to hand tending to confirm the fear that the *Blerrie Castle*, which left the Downs on the 17th instant for Australia, has been lost.

The *Blerrie Castle* was one of the fleet of Messrs. Dunbar, of Limehouse. She was a very fine ship, 610 tons register, almost new. She loaded in the London Docks, and about forty passengers had taken berths in her to proceed to the colonies. Twenty-two joined her when she left the river, and the remainder intended to go on board at Plymouth, where the ship had to put in. She carried a crew of thirty-four hands, including the officers, and had a valuable cargo. The Channel pilot took charge of her when she sailed from Gravesend on the 15th instant, and proceeded through the Downs with her, and left her off Dover on Sunday evening, when all appeared well with her, and she had a fair wind for her course down Channel. It was expected that she would reach Plymouth about Tuesday week, but nothing more was heard of her. Towards the close of Tuesday week the wind shifted to the north-north-west, and blew a terrific gale, with heavy snow, the pilots who were out describing it as an awful night.

It is supposed that the ship must have got some distance down Channel when she encountered the gale, and whether Captain M'Hardy attempted to run or hold on by beating about, and was driven back by the force of the tempest, is matter of conjecture. It is quite evident that the ship got back to the eastward at Dungeness, in the more narrow portion of the Channel, where both the English and French coasts are now prominently lighted, and when seen give a ship her immediate position. It is, therefore, exceedingly probable that the dense snow which fell during the night entirely shut out those beacons from view, and that Captain M'Hardy was not aware of his situation. It is thought that she was lost either on the Varne or the Ridge, two shoals which stand in the centre of the Channel, almost in a line with Folkestone and Cape Grizne. The Varne extends some four or five miles in length, extremely narrow, and has not more than a fathom and a half upon it at low water, while all round it are soundings at twelve and seventeen fathoms. The Ridge is nearer to the French coast, a long and narrow shoal, and like the Varne, has deep water round it. The impression is that the ship struck upon one of these shoals, and, after heavy beating, went to pieces, and, sailing off, sunk in deep water. She was fitted with ample boats to save all hands, but in such a sea it is very doubtful whether they could be of any use.

MURDER AT BAGDAD.—A letter from Beyrouth gives particulars concerning the death of Mr. Planchet, who was murdered by robbers on his way to Bagdad. Two Jesuits who had accompanied the Bishop returned to Beyrouth in the beginning of the present month, and gave this account of the murder:—"The day before his arrival at Diarbekir the Bishop had been suffering from fever; but, nevertheless, ill as he was, he insisted on continuing the journey next day with the caravan; but when about three hours' distance from Orah, the next station, he was so overcome by fatigue that he begged to rest a little. He accordingly alighted from his horse, and six or eight of his attendants remained with him, while the caravan went on. Soon afterwards two armed Kurds were seen approaching, on which all the Bishop's attendants, with one exception, remounted and fled. The Bishop and his remaining attendant were assailed by the two robbers with large stones and knocked down. After robbing them of everything they possessed the Kurds went away. Their two victims, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in reaching Orah, but both died shortly after."

THE "MUTINY" IN THE "PRINCESS ROYAL."

The seamen of the *Princess Royal* who were committed to gaol by sentence of court-martial have been pardoned. They arrived at Portsmouth from the gaols of Lewes, Salisbury, Southampton, Winchester, and Dorchester on Tuesday, and were paid their wages in the dockyard. A correspondence between the Admiralty and Admiral Bowles has been published. It appears from this that a commission, consisting of Rear-Admiral the Hon. George Grey, the Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, Captain R. S. Hewlett, C.B., of her Majesty's ship *Excellent*, and Captain G. T. Gordon, of her Majesty's ship *Asia*, reported that after hearing evidence they were "of opinion that, leave having been granted to one watch of the ship's company, Captain Baillie should at once have checked the unreasonable demand for 'all or none' among those by whom it was evinced." We consider that it was an error in judgment his not doing so, and in stopping the leave of the men already on the jetty. There was, also, it appears to us, a wrong impression of the state of the case conveyed to the Commander-in-Chief, who from his statement appears to have been ignorant of the men having been allowed to proceed to the dockyard gates, and also to have believed from Captain Baillie's statement that the spirit of discontent was general to the whole ship's company, and very naturally, on having it reported to him that the men were not content with an indulgence which has of late been seldom granted to ships paying off, claimed leave for "all or none," replied "then none." At the same time we believe that an unfortunate misunderstanding arose from Captain Baillie misinterpreting a message from the Commander-in-Chief, relating to a totally distinct case of leave (that of some men who had already broken out, and were in charge of the police), which was the cause of his desiring the men going on leave to be detained on the jetty. It is to be regretted that Commander Josling allowed the men on the jetty to be marched to the gate, when his Captain had given contrary orders to Lieutenant Pratt, but we are satisfied from his statement, and that of the Lieutenant, that he believed Captain Baillie's orders to refer to the men on board. Captain Baillie explains the discrepancy between his letter and his evidence by stating he was in error in imputing in the former the discontent to the whole ship's company, instead of the men retained on board. Making every excuse for the disappointment caused by this unfortunate misunderstanding, it is impossible to conceal the fact that the ship's company throughout the proceedings evinced an unreasonable disposition, followed by conduct which nothing can justify."

On the 7th inst. the following was sent to Admiral Bowles:—

Admiralty, Dec. 7, 1859.
Sir,—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, having received the report of the officers who were ordered to inquire into the circumstances under which leave was granted to the men of the *Princess Royal*, consider that the apparent discrepancy which existed between Captain Baillie's evidence and his written report did not arise from any intentional misrepresentation.

It is, however, the duty of my Lords to state that, on a review of all the facts connected with this mutinous outbreak, they are of opinion that Captain Baillie has displayed a great want of judgment and firmness in dealing with every circumstance of the case, and my Lords consider further that to his conduct the painful occurrences which took place on board his ship on the 12th day of November, 1859, may be mainly traced, and that he has deserved the very grave censure of their Lordships.—I am, &c.,

(Signed) W. G. ROMAINE.

Admiral Bowles, Portsmouth.

FATAL RIOT AT ALDERSHOTT.

A SERIOUS riot took place at Aldershot on the evening of the 25th inst. between some men belonging to the 2nd battalion of the 24th Regiment and a company of the King's Own Light Infantry (Tower Hamlets) Militia. Unfortunately one life was lost, and three men were wounded.

The row is said to have arisen from the custom in most regiments for the officers of each company to subscribe a certain sum to provide their men with a Christmas dinner. The 2nd battalion of the 24th Regiment occupy the permanent barracks of the west block in the South Camp, each side of which consists of three stories opposite to one another, joined at the top with a covering of glass, so as to admit of a whole regiment being formed for parade on the space below in case of rainy weather. These barracks or blocks, as they are termed, are too large for any one regiment, but are not sufficiently spacious for two. One company of the Tower Hamlets Militia was quartered in the upper story of the west block, with men of the 24th Regiment living under them and exactly opposite to them, the interval between the two buildings being about fifteen yards, while the remainder of their own regiment occupied huts some little way off. After partaking of a hearty Christmas dinner it appears that some of the Tower Hamlets and 2nd battalion of the 24th betook themselves to the canteen of the latter regiment, where an argument began by the men of the 24th as to which regiment had had the best dinner provided for it by their officers. On leaving the canteen the men of the 24th went to the rooms occupied by the Tower Hamlets, and commenced a warfare with mops and brooms. So far, though it was a case of going to war for an "idea," the combat did not assume much more serious proportions than "Molly's" battle royal, as described by Fielding; but both parties appear to have become gradually more exasperated, and at length the men of the 24th Regiment betook themselves to their own quarters in the opposite gallery, and began to load their rifles with ball cart ridges. It seems astonishing that the officers were not summoned from their messhouse, which was close by, before things arrived at this pass; but when they were sent for rifles had already been discharged by the 24th rioters against their opposite neighbours. It was some time before the officers could quell the tumult, and when they did so it appeared that four men of the militia had been wounded; and, from the marks left by the bullets, several shots must have been fired. We cannot hear that the militia fired at all; at any rate, if they did, they did so without effect. Of the wounded men one expired, after great suffering, at eight o'clock on Monday morning; the others are said to be progressing favourably. The Colonel of the 24th Regiment has been telegraphed for, and all the officers who were on leave have been recalled. Forty-seven men of the 24th corps were placed in confinement.

THE NEW STEAM BATTERIES.—The new steam batteries, tenders for which we stated in our last, had been issued by the Admiralty, have been awarded, one to Mr. Palmer, of Jarrow, the other to Messrs. Westwood and Baillie, of Millwall. The former has been allowed fifteen months to complete his contract, which has been taken at £43 per ton; the latter have agreed to complete their vessel within twelve months, the price being £44 per ton. The tonnage of each vessel is 3668 tons, builders' measurement. This will enable us to form some estimate of the enormous cost of these vessels, since the former will cost £157,724, and the latter £161,392. This, it must be remembered, is for the mere hull of the boat; and, as her equipment will necessarily be very expensive, and her engines of immense power, we shall take a low estimate of the cost when we assume that each vessel will, when ready for sea, cost about a third of a million of money. This is purchasing vessels at the rate of about three for every million of pounds sterling. These, however, are only the smaller steam batteries; those already building of 6000 tons will cost upwards of a quarter of a million, or £264,000 for the hull alone; and, when fitted for sea, will not cost less than half a million of money each; so that for more than a million and a half of money John Bull will have paraded before his eyes four ships of large tonnage, of unquestionable strength, and of very questionable utility, seeing that their success is an admitted problem.—*Steam-shipping Chronicle.*

FURTHER ISSUE OF ENFIELD RIFLES TO VOLUNTEER CORPS.—By a circular dated the 20th of December, 1859, Mr. Sidney Herbert informs the Lords Lieutenants of counties that her Majesty's Government have determined to issue to rifle volunteer corps, after the 1st of January next, an additional supply of long Enfield rifles (pattern 1853) to the extent of 50 per cent on the effective strength of the corps. This supply will raise the aggregate issue to 100 per cent on the effective strength of the force. The commanding officers of corps should, at once forward the prescribed requisitions to the War Office for such portion of the supply as they may be entitled to under the regulations. The Secretary for War hopes to be in a position in the course of next year to exchange these rifles gradually for the short Enfield, in the case of any corps which may desire it, on the understanding that the long rifles must be returned in good condition, fair wear and tear excepted, or that the corps must pay for any damage they may have received.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S "Victorine" was produced at the Royal English Opera with decided success. The composer was summoned before the curtain at the end of each act. There were also three distinct calls for Mdlle. Parepa; and four of the pieces—two for the soprano, one for the tenor, and one for the baritone—were demanded. The opera, of which the success depends chiefly on the ballads and other solo airs, though it contains one grand finale, two duets, and as many quartets, is founded on the same subject as the Adelphi melodrama known as "Victorine; or, Ill Sleep On It." "Victorine, ou la nuit porte conseil," was, however, improved upon in many important particulars by Mr. Buckstone, whereas Mr. Edmund Falconer, the author of Mr. Mellon's libretto, has given us the story of the French piece—painful and disagreeable enough in any shape—in all its original crudity. But he has introduced the songs very effectively, and, on the whole, may be said to have supplied the composer with a very available and suggestive book. The "poetry" is, on the whole, on a level with Mr. Falconer's other lyrical effusions. Some of the songs, however, which appear to have been written after the music to which they are at present wedded had been composed, are full of rhythmical obstacles, and the poet's Pegasus sometimes takes such awkward jumps that it is difficult not to part company with him.

After a carefully-instrumented and effective overture, which had already been given at the concerts of the Orchestral Union under the title of "Héloïse," two young *ouvrières* are discovered reading a book, which, to judge from the criticisms it elicits from the young ladies, must have been of a very edifying description. Louise (Miss Thirlwall), who has the manners and opinions of a *courteuse*, admires the work, but Victorine (Miss Parepa) has no confidence in the author, and gives it to understand that "Of too much pleasure be afraid," which is introduced in the middle of a lively and graceful duet for the two girls. Victorine then informs her friend that M. Jullien, "a charming, dashing young fellow, with a divine moustache," has been making love to her, and that he has proposed to place her as a pupil in the "Royal Academy of Music." In order that the liberality of this offer may not be undervalued, we must impress upon the reader that the "Royal Academy" alluded to is not the institution in Tenterden-street, established under the patronage of the late Lord Westmoreland, but the "Conservatoire" of Paris. Victorine, however, in spite of her beautiful voice and her love for singing, will not be tempted, and when soon afterwards a kind of *mawais sujet*, named Griffon (Honey), enters, bearing a letter from the gentleman with a divine moustache, the indignant young *courtière* tears it to atoms. Griffon's song, "Oh! let us live to-day," is a lively, spirited strain, and was very carefully sung by Mr. Honey.

Of course Victorine has a good lover as well as a bad one—we need scarcely say that the charming Jullien is utterly bad from his divine moustache to his highly-polished boots. The name of the virtuous admirer is Michel, upholsterer is his trade, and we are informed that he has hard hands. The part is well represented by Mr. Haigh, who has several very pleasing ballads to sing, and who the first night gave the first of these "For I love thee alone," with so much effect as to cause it to be generally demanded. Michel, upholsterer as he is, has enough spirit to object to Griffon's and Louise's continual praises of Jullien, his handsome and hated rival, and, finding that their representations have had some effect upon Victorine, calls upon her to decide by the following morning whether she will or will not become his wife. Now begins the first finale. It includes an interesting quartet of which the concluding strain, "Good night till morning beams," was particularly remarked, and a long scene for Victorine consisting of three movements. The air in waltz time, "To love and be loved I wish still," is exceedingly pretty, and the charm of the melody, together with the admirable singing of Miss Parepa, combined to gain for it an enthusiastic encore. In her second verse Victorine informs us that "a life of privation she could not endure," but that "her good name she ne'er will resign," and that between the two she is "puzzled to fix on her fate." In this enviable state of mind our virtuous heroine, warned by the chimes of Notre Dame, retires to rest, singing an air of a mournful but perfectly appropriate character.

Some nuts which the luxurious Griffon has given to Victorine have the effect of making her dream, and in her vision she sees what, in her inexperience of life, she fancies would be her career if she accepted the offer of the fascinating Jullien. When she wakes the next morning (late in the third act) the recollection of the horrors that have appeared to her in her sleep—and which were neither inevitable nor probable if the young lady really possessed any talent for music—makes her, from prudential considerations, become the wife of the humble, hard-handed Michel. She has weighed the two propositions in the balance, and has decided that it will be better for her to live happily in her own station of life than to enjoy a few brief years of splendour, and afterwards be a quarter of a century of misery and shame, terminating with suicide.

The music of the second act is the best the opera contains. After a chorus of servants Victorine sings a cavatina, which in some measure recalls the "Ah! fors' e lui" of the "Traviata." Victorine, now a veritable *dame aux camélias*, regrets her days of innocence in the slow movement, and in the cabaletta (a very brilliant waltz movement) Miss Parepa displayed wonderful executive powers in this effective piece, and was called upon to repeat the final strain. The air sung by Hector (Corri), "A soldier's life for me," is clever, and, of course, thoroughly military in style. The same singer has a song of a similar kind, though of a more florid character, in the third act; and he sings both of them very effectively. This Hector is one of Jullien's dissipated friends. He begins by being a soldier and ends by being a thief, in which latter capacity, as he informs us, he commits all his robberies to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!"—a compliment that his Majesty Napoleon III. would doubtless appreciate.

Mr. Santley's ballad in this act, "In vain though banished from my heart," is the best written in the opera, and the representative of which the audience are naturally with the former.

The finale to act 2 is the only piece in the opera in which masses of voices are employed in combination and alternation with the solo singers. It produced a great effect, and was immensely applauded.

In act 3 Victorine's "romance" in the minor is very beautiful, but was not much applauded. The rondo finale, however, was a great triumph, both for the composer and for the singer, who executes the most difficult variations with all possible neatness and brilliancy.

"Victorine" will probably be played every night for some time to come; and Mr. Mellon may be fairly congratulated on the success of his first essay in the operatic line.

Since the production of the pantomime we find that "Victorine" is given minus the overture, and with the omission of several airs, and of the lively, well-written quartet in the third act. After the Christmas holidays we have no doubt but that Mellon's work will be given in its integrity.

CHRISTMAS IN THE QUEEN'S PRISON.—An annual gift of a considerable sum of money was for a great number of years given by the late Baron Platt's father to the prisoner's "on the county" confined for debt in the Queen's Prison. On his decease it fell into abeyance for some time, until a representation was made to the late Baron, who finding his father really had made the annual donation, benevolently continued the same up to the time of his decease. Some apprehension was felt when his death was announced as to whether any more payments would be made. All doubt, however, was removed by the arrival of the money on Thursday week. It is not known whether, after this year, his Lordship has, by will or otherwise, ordered the donation to be continued. The annual gift was originally 21s. each to a limited number of prisoners, which has been reduced to 7s., so that a greater number shall partake of the bounty. The poor prisoners also received donations from other sources, 4s. 6d. each in cash, and a joint of meat, ranging from 10lb. to 14lb. in weight.

Literature.

Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell. By CYRUS REDDING. 2 vols. London: C. J. Skeet.

We do not know how it may be with our readers, but, for our part, we have had more than enough of "reminiscences," in which Moore, Byron, Foscolo, Murray, Scott, Campbell, Queen Caroline, and the other familiar notabilities of that time of transition play a part. We should imagine, too, that of all the literary notabilities of the time in question Campbell was the best known as to his private and public life and character. Not one fact—literally not one—worth knowing has Mr. Redding added to that acquaintance with the career of Campbell which he must have presumed was general among reading people. Still, he has brought together a good deal of pleasant matter, and reprinted the "Dirge of Wallace;" and, even at the cost of reading through (to say nothing of paying for) two volumes where one would have been more than enough, we cannot refuse him our thanks for what he has done. His express disclaimer of any attempt at cohesion, order, or artistic design must pass for what it is worth. But, if he were younger, we should be saucy enough to quote the outraged housewife to the servant who slurs over her work,—"Lazy folks give themselves double trouble." This was the poet of "Hope" did all his life long; but the warning has been lost on his sub-editor and friend, Mr. Redding. More's the pity!

The general impression left upon the mind by reading these volumes is that Campbell was not only one of the most amiable and blameless of the bright circle in which he moved, but that he had qualities of intellectual greatness not usually attributed to him. His views on politics and life appear to have been of the soundest and most liberal order, and, with all the prejudices of the most sensitive vanity, he knew how to be candid. On almost every question of government and education he was in advance of his friends; and, an industrious truth-seeker by nature, he was in private a painstaking (if fussy and too versatile) student of matters into which Pegasus is not commonly supposed even to dip his wing and away. He saw clearly the true state of the question between classical and scientific pursuits, and made it the subject of a prize essay for the Glasgow students. That he originated the London University we all know, and there is scarcely a public topic upon which Mr. Redding has preserved an indication of his views as to which time has not more than justified the clear-seeing poet. Few men ever possessed in a higher degree than Campbell the charity which "thinketh no evil;" and as to that "infirmit" which, in his last, wretched, lonely, desolate years, grew upon him so painfully, the writer of these lines only wishes he could reproduce here the words to him of the late Mr. Jerrold when alluding to the Pecksniff-in-chief and the tribe of minor Pecksniffs who found "Campbell's infirmit" such a pleasant thing to talk about. But they were too "personal"! to be lightly quoted at present.

If anything were regrettable (nothing is) it would be regrettable that none of those who had opportunities of studying Campbell's character seems to have been capable of moral analysis. It is all very well to say his absence of mind was great, and quote funny instances of it; but we should like to know what it turned upon. Upon too little concentration? Or upon some congenital defect of brain, which reappeared in an exaggerated shape in the quasi-imbecile son? Again, we are told that Campbell's genius was soon exhausted, and not productive. Just so; but why? Had he "a lethargy"?* Or did his liability to excitement about trifles exhaust the sensibility of his brain? Or was his genius, like his *morale*, reticent, except under conditions intellectual which answered to familiarity in intercourse with his friends? If so, upon what psychological combination did that reticence depend? It is cheap work to say a man was shy; he might be shy for a hundred reasons, and we want to know which it was. That Mr. Cyrus Redding never even entertained such questions as these is plain from the fact that he has furnished no material from which others might try to answer them. We do not complain; we simply observe that he has not only not dealt with the "Mystery of a Person" as exemplified in the poet Campbell, but has not even appreciated the fact of the mystery. He has, however, told us some very pleasant things. Here is an anecdote, for instance, in which you see Campbell

A BOY OF FIFTY.

Campbell went to Scotland, and his inaugural address was delivered in April, 1827, a garbled report of which only appeared in the newspapers. When he reached the college-green on his way to deliver it the snow lay on the ground, and he found the youths pelting each other with snowballs. That he was just going to deliver a solemn address to the same youths never for a moment crossed his mind. Such an absence of mind, on an occasion of similar importance, so incongruous, pompous doctors or stiff ceremonialists would have it, was not to be palliated, but it was strictly in character. The feeling of his youth came upon him, the spirit of past years animated him. He rushed into the mêlée, and joined in the frolic in his fiftieth year, as if he had been but fifteen. He flung about his snowballs with an inconsiderable dexterity as well as rapidity. Then when the moment for delivering the address was come, the students being summoned, and he proceeding in the van, they entered the hall together. It was impossible to say who most delighted in the scene—Campbell, who had thus recalled a scene of perished years, or the youth at the vivacity of their new Lord Rector, whose celebrity and office would seem to inspire formality and the gravest carriage. The learned professors of the institution, no doubt, thought it greatly infra dig, a matter of scandal. There could not be a better picture of the temperament and character of the man than such an incident, so impulsive and lively, at a moment when gravity was on every other adult visage.

On one occasion Mr. Redding wrote to Campbell for some poetry, and got, in reply, what he afterwards used to call

THE WHITE SHIRT NOTE.

"Dr. R.—I was so terrified on opening the parcel to find a white shirt that I lost all presence of mind, and did not finish reading your note until I had allowed the boy to go away. I am ashamed to have given you the trouble of sending twice.—Yours, &c., 'T. C.'"

To this hour I have no conception what the "white shirt" nor what the "parcel" meant that made him thus lose his presence of mind. I had written to him for a promised piece of poetry, which I wanted greatly at that moment. The truth was, according to Mrs. Campbell, that he had been up half the night before, reading upon some abstruse subject, and had got it in his mind all the next day, so that what he did was in one of his usual fits of absence, and acting almost instinctively. I should not relate such trifling incidents did they not exhibit, better than can be done in any other way, those traits of personal character which may enable others to form a true estimate of the poet. The "white shirt note" used often to be a phrase between us for mental abstraction or anything incomprehensible.

The Adventures of Mr. Wilderspin on his Journey through Life. By ANDREW HALLIDAY. Illustrated by W. M'Connell. London: Houlston and Wright.

To that portion of the public who are unacquainted with Mr. Horatio Wilderspin it is necessary to state that he is an adventurer of somewhat more "purpose" than Mr. Crindle (not unknown to readers and rememberers of "The Man in the Moon"), and somewhat less than Dr. Livingstone. Mr. Wilderspin begins life (in these pages) as a railway clerk, comes in for a legacy, starts fast man, runs the round of British dissipation, from the Haymarket to the House of Commons, gets into debt, marries his landlady, and settles down at last—when found out and driven into a corner—as a virtuous, a punctual, a taxpaying, an unresisting, and a family man. The book is very nicely got up, is amusing all the way through, and contains, incidentally, some real wisdom and unaffected tenderness.

There is a fascination—not of a high order, but still a fascination—in a long jeu-d'esprit of this kind, which is not very obviously explicable. We think it is juvenile in its character, and resembles what we feel in looking at a Marionnette performance. The humour of a Punch and Judy show lies partly in the incongruity between what the personages of the drama do upon the scene, and the fact, known to the spectator, that they are the mere puppets of the showman. The

* Leigh Hunt had an impudent schoolfellow named Le Grice, a fine, bold boy, who, having one day neglected his lesson, accounted to his master for the fact by saying, "Sir, I've had a lethargy." The fun is that old Bowyer did not "whop" him, being taken aback by his daring.

action of the play implies will, feeling, energy, and uncertain circumstance; but we know all the while that the implication is not borne out, it being all of it, the whole stage business, due to the *deus ex machina*. And thus it is with Mr. Wilderspin, Mr. Crindle, and any hero of extravaganzas. The intensity of the make-believe is the best of the fun; and we are not going to flout it. We believe in Tomfoolery and Unreason as instruments of social and intellectual health. If we could keep a fool we would. We cannot. A I hail, then, to the comic writer! If we are in trouble, it is only to lookers-on that he gives, as Wordsworth nicely said of the Fool in "King Lear," "a terrible wildness to the distress." To ourselves he is a benefactor, and we would rather he came as Sir Topaz to question us through the bars "of the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl," than that we should be left unspoken to in the mire of our dungeon.

There is another reflection, too, suggested by Mr. Wilderspin. He is a caricature, of course, and got up on the principle of "selection," like a picture or statue of the ideal school; but he is, substantially, like the average Great Briton. Pleasure in youth, money-getting and "position" in middle life, comfort and moralising in age—the practice of the easy virtues after being caught in the easy vices, and *voluntout!* In point of fact, no life is so barren as this; for life could not be supported on such a diet, and that is the moral of Mr. Wilderspin's story, and what struck him, no doubt, in "the Bench," though his marriage with the widow was only a sordid climax to a sordid career.

The Voyage of the Constance: a Tale of the Polar Seas. By MARY GILLIES. With Eight Illustrations by CHARLES KEENE. Sampson Low and Co.

"A complete history of Arctic adventure and discovery," that is what the authoress of this handsome volume has contemplated; but she has wound her fangs, given with great minuteness and elaboration, round a specific thread of family heroism and affection which creates quite another interest, and makes the "history" a "tale" besides. For telling the story of Sir John Ross's four years in Boothia and his escape in the boats the authoress had the advantage of knowing an old sailor who was with him all the time, being one of the *Victory's* crew, and who gave her, she says, the whole account, besides many stories about the Polar regions and adventures among the ice. The book is very pretty, and very nice reading.

Uly the Minstrel; or, the Princess Diamondback and the Hazel Fairy. A Dragon Story for Christmas. By ROBERT B. BROUH. Houlston and Wright.

If Mr. Brough always writes prime extravaganzas, and if in this particular extravaganza Mr. Brough has surpassed himself, what more can we say about this extravaganza of Mr. Brough in which Mr. Brough has surpassed himself? The title gives you four of the elements of the story—a Minstrel, a Princess, a Fairy, and a Dragon: and you can draw inferences like other people, we suppose. What is a minstrel for but to sing? What are songs for but to win hearts? What is a Princess for but to love "beneath her station"? What is a fairy for but to leave things to get to the worst? What is a dragon for but to eat the fairest maid he can find? And if this dragon were to eat this Princess only a Brough could restore her to a marriageable shape. But all this is conjectural. It is in the moral of his story that Mr. Brough is triumphant. It is a profound allegory. We do not feel justified in divulging the esoteric meaning further than by saying that the Dragon is Crinoline, the Princess, Britannia, and Uly, Mr. Bright. Next Session you will know what you will know if you read this story now, and the "Inner Life of the House of Commons" then.

Poems. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. &c. Hurst and Blackett.

Everybody who has read the novels of this lady has wondered why she did not write poetry, except those who knew her hand in certain compositions which, during the last ten years, have appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, the *National Magazine*, and elsewhere. "The frequent reprinting of them, here and in America, has induced the authoress to collect, select, revise, and claim," says she, "her errant children. Whether they were worth collecting, and are really poems, public opinion must decide." Here they are, at all events, in a gift mauve volume, with two steel engravings by Mr. Birket Foster, and an inscription to "Henry Blackett, Esq., a token of respect and esteem from author to publisher."

It is so pleasant to find an author complimenting a publisher that we will suppress a torrent of withering invective (which we had got ready) upon the metaphorical incongruity implied in *selecting and revising* children, and proceed to say that we are glad—very glad—to recognise in Miss Muloch the authoress of some little lyrics which have charmed us for a long, long time; first and best, "Philip my King"—one of the sweetest of baby poems, and as fit, in its department, to sustain a poetic reputation as Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore." Other poems which, casually as they have been read by us in glancing over periodicals, have stayed by us, and are now rewelcome, are "A Silly Song," "Passion Past," "Faithful in Vanity Fair" (the second part weak enough to shame the first, being all made up of commonplaces), "The Good of It" (a cynic's song), "Eudoxia," "Constancy in Inconstancy," and one or two others.

Here, then, is one quite honest contribution towards an answer from the "public" as to the quality of these verses. Several of them we, simply as one of the public, and in ignorance of the authorship, had found to certain music and meaning of their own, and had cherished accordingly. In all—the best even—there is a thinness of texture, and a raggedness of edge, here and there, which suggests, under the circumstances, a tired brain whose vis was bespoken for other needs.

Supposing the volume had come before us independently of such antecedents—looking at it, say, as a first effort—we should have given some such verdict as this, confident in its substantial justice:—This writer has real poetic faculty, but the gold is much alloyed, and she wants (as Margaret Fuller said of herself) that love of chipping the marble which marks the true artist. She readily catches up melodious forms, but treats them carelessly and fatiguedly. She cannot stand the crucial test of blank verse with even decent success. Some few of her prettiest songs (for instance, "I said to Lettice, our sister Lettice") are so thoroughly conventional in matter that they nauseate at the second reading, though they charmed at the first. On the whole, there is wanting sufficient indication of the indispensable patience of genius.

This, we repeat, we should have said, if we had not known how hardly

has been worked the obviously delicate though persistent and reticent brain which has produced the book. That, however, makes all the difference; and our opinion now is that the authoress might have won a much lazier crown if she had been able to try. As it is, we thankfully accept this Christmas gift from an old friend, and hope she will some day "select" even these "selected" children of hers, as well as re-weise the best.

Many of the "poems" are very poor indeed. "An Honest Valentine," "By the River Alma," and some others, should never have been printed at all: the republication is almost an affront. We have seldom seen anything more slovenly than the manner in which the cynic's song closes—with one retractive verse, headed "Moral: added on his Death-bed"—reading just like a stage direction. But when the poet sings the poet must fuse, connect, and complete his work, and not shirk a difficulty by an indorsed codicil. This little trick reminds us of a poor old preacher we once knew who published a selection of hymns, with a few originals, in one of which originals (on the glories of God in the creation) was the couplet—

For there's no star but what He made,
Nor herb, nor fruit, nor flower, nor blade.

Thinking "blade" vague, the author put an asterisk against it, which led the reader to the following foot-note:—

* N.B. Of grass.

But we cannot allow poets in general to practise this sort of economy of workmanship.

Some of My Bush Friends in Tasmania. By LOUISA ANNE MEREDITH. London: Day and Son, Lithographers to the Queen. This volume—by the author of "Our Wild Flowers," "The Romance of Nature," "Notes and Sketches of New South Wales," &c.—forms, perhaps, the most magnificent illustrated book ever produced. The typography, executed in a soft, golden-brown ink, is in itself very beautiful. The ornamental borders which surround each page are in some places—as in the openings of chapters—full of lace, and are throughout exquisitely designed. The plates—in chromo-lithography, the work of Messrs. Day, and performed in their most finished style—give the representations of the most richly-coloured flowers and the brightest berries of the luxuriant Tasmanian forests. Finally, the prose descriptions are interesting, lively, and exhibit high poetic appreciation of natural objects, while the verses by which each prose description is followed, and which sometimes are of the meditative character, but are for the most part in the shape of narratives or of romantic "extravaganzas," would alone form a valuable and eminently readable volume.

The aim of the author, who has been engaged many years on the important work before us, is to supply such illustration and simple description of the most interesting and characteristic of the Tasmanian flowers as shall, in her own words, "to dwellers in England and other climes convey a general idea of what we see and gather in our woodland rambles, and to the denizens of our own fair colony shall serve as a reminder of ever-welcome acquaintances." Many of the Tasmanian flowers will be quite new to English botanists; but a certain number of European flowers, as well as plants and shrubs, are to be found in Australia; and the author tells us that their familiar features have often "gladdened her like glimpses of far-off scenes in the dear old land from which she has so long been parted." A flax-flower, to all appearance identical with the common English one, is frequently seen far from all cleared ground; a pale little violet, with delicately-veined petals and small leaves, abounds in many places; and the Tasmanian bush-bramble closely resembles the British blackberry. The clematis, the veronica, the convolvulus, and the myosotis have also representatives in Australian wildernesses; but the great majority of the Tasmanian flowers have quite a novel aspect to the English eye.

We cannot give any very precise notion of the exquisite manner in which the volume before us is illustrated, and of the general magnificence of the "getting-up," to use an appropriate theatrical expression; the solid, richly-embossed binding is itself a remarkable artistic achievement; but the following lines will give some idea of Mrs. Meredith's agreeable descriptive style:—"Just as we so often see in the human world, some pretentious, obtrusive person wins a way into notice and even eminence by sheer effrontery, so does the least beautiful and interesting member of my present group gain first comment solely because its height points it out as the best to begin with. Quite the *Blowselinda* of my Orchid-portraits, the flower is tall, stout, and robust of aspect, with a thick substantial stem (typical of *Blowselindian* ankles and arms), and a ruddy-all-over complexion, closely freckled with a purplish tint, as a country maid might be who had been doing dairy duty on a frosty morning. The leaves surround the stem, but growing from one to two feet in height, and bearing for the six or ten upper inches an abundance of blossoms, my comparatively coarse-looking acquaintance is conspicuous at a considerable distance; and even as *Blowselinda* could find her admirers, and look well at a statute fair or village feast, so her emblem flower, with its bold showy appearance, often 'comes in' with good effect."

We observe that Mrs. Meredith dedicates her "Tasmanian Friends" by command to her Majesty, and the work is certainly in all respects a fit offering to set before a Queen.

Stories of Inventors and Discoverers. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A., with Illustrations. Kent and Co.

One of Mr. Timbs's closely-packed characteristic compilations of memoir, anecdote, and elementary information, and one of the pleasantest of them. The range of the author takes in Archimedes at one end, Isambard Kingdom Brunel at the other, and Paracelsus on the road.

It is impossible to turn over a collection of facts about men and things without finding something to give one pause and make one think. It has been brought home to us by an incident mentioned by Mr. Timbs, apropos of the application to Parliament of the first Gas Company, that scientific men may be as incredulous among each other as common men of the schemes of scientific men. Sir Humphry Davy was in this case, not Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, who asked if it were intended to take the domes of St. Paul's for a gasometer? In short, says Dr. Arnott, Davy, Woollaston, and Watt—three men whom you would have expected to be above surprise—at first gave an opinion that coal-gas never could be safely applied to the purpose of lighting the streets.

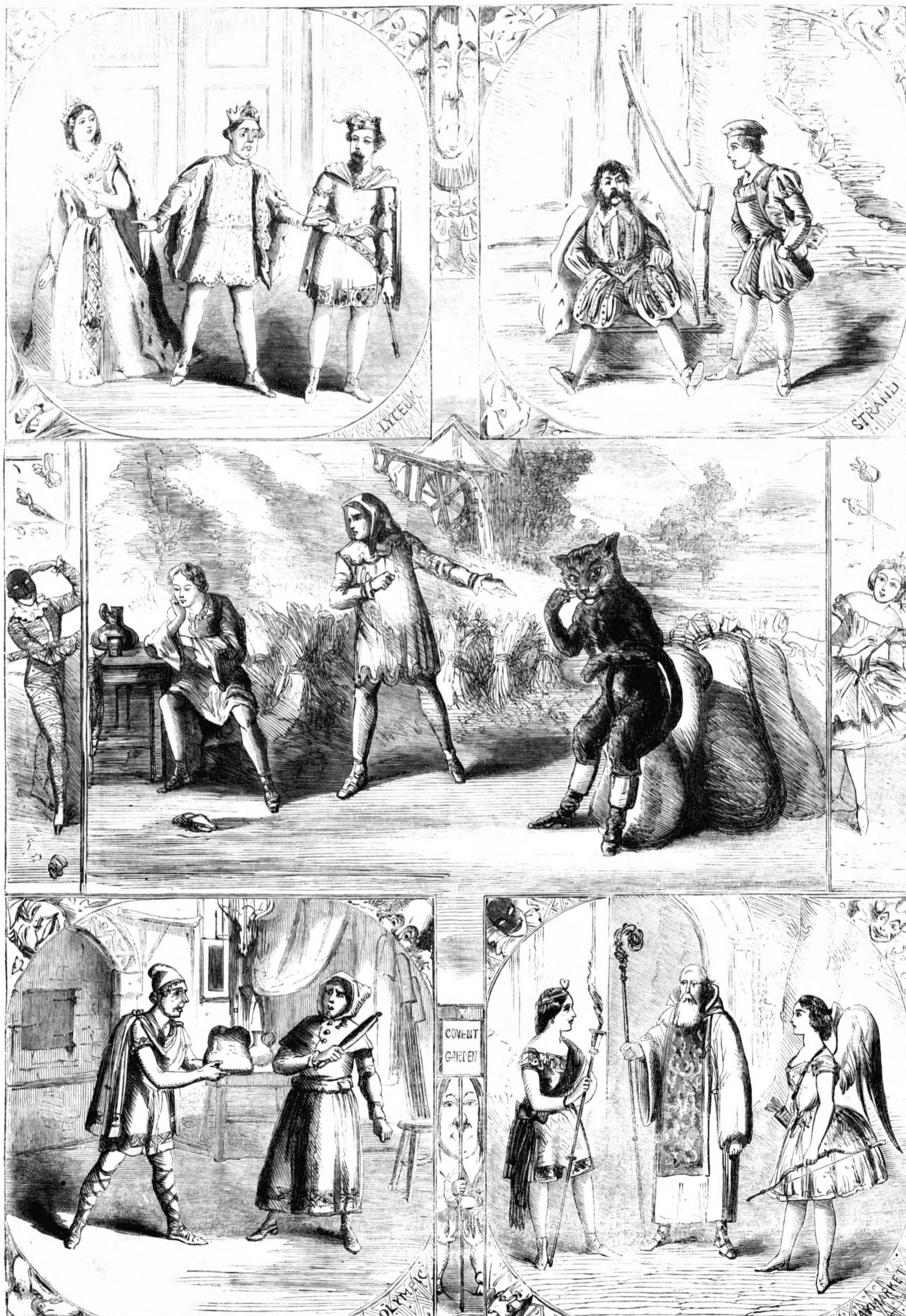
Sir David Brewster is quoted as saying what is very interesting and worth reproducing in a newspaper column. He states that thirty years ago there was not a single literary or scientific name who enjoyed a pension from the Crown, or, with one exception, was distinguished by any mark of honour from the Sovereign; but that since 1830 there have been conferred, for intellectual services, thirty titles of honour; and we now find on the Civil List the names of fifty distinguished persons. We dare say everybody does not know that all this is since 1830. But the Civil List of England is still one of its worst disgraces, and the names of "distinguished" merit that find their way into it are ridiculously few.

ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—On Monday morning about half an hour afterwards an express Birmingham goods-train followed, and, as it had not to stop at the intermediate stations, it proceeded at a good pace. On turning the curve in the cutting near the Wallingford-road station the driver of the express-train saw that the other train was still standing there, and that a collision was inevitable. He and the fireman, perceiving their danger, alighted from the engine and allowed the train to proceed, as nothing in that short distance could be done to stop it. In a few seconds it ran into the other train, and the crash was really awful. The engine was smashed, and nine trucks, filled with goods, were all broken into pieces. Both the driver and fireman, by jumping off, escaped uninjured; but they must have been killed had they maintained their position on the engine. The line of rails was strewed with the fragments of the engine, trucks, and their contents, but a staff of men was telegraphed for and soon obtained, and little delay occurred to the passenger traffic. By this accident the loss to the company is estimated at between £2000 and £3000. There was great neglect on the part of some one in allowing the signal to be on to allow a train to approach the station while one was staying there. An official inquiry has been commenced at Paddington, the porters and other officials from Wallingford being summoned to attend.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON SOUTHAMPTON WATER.—On Sunday morning last, about twelve o'clock, as two men, named Hardy and Smith, were out in a small shooting-punt on the Southampton Water, by some means the punt upset, and both men were drowned. They were married, and have left families.—Another poor fellow was drowned on Saturday evening, opposite the Netley Hospital. He was landing some bricks from a barge for the works now in progress there, when he by some means fell into the water, and thus met with an untimely end.

LORD NORMANBY'S OPINIONS.—Lord Normanby has issued a pamphlet of fifty pages, entitled "The Congress and the Cabinet." The noble Lord is labouring under great dissatisfaction and distrust of the present Cabinet. He thinks the joint superintendence of foreign affairs by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell is a fatal arrangement; and he says he has been induced to break silence by the notion entertained that Lord Palmerston is about to send himself to the Congress.

BARQUE BURNED IN THE FORTH.—On Monday morning, at an early hour, a barque (supposed to belong to Sheldis), of 500 tons burthen, laden with gas coal, and bound for the port of London, took fire shortly after leaving the harbour of Bo'ness. All efforts to extinguish the flames proved unavailing, and the fire raged continuously until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the remains of the vessel sank beneath the waters. It is supposed the fire was occasioned by the generating of flame from the coal gas.



THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES — DRAWN BY M'CONNELL.



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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

POPEY IN SCOTLAND.

WHILE the great European question is how the Congress will deal with the Pope's temporal power, the Scotch Court of Session has just dealt a heavy blow at the corresponding pretensions of the Free Church. Boileau said, very well, that every Protestant was a Pope when he took the Bible in his hand and endeavoured to impose his own views about the Holy Book on the world. There may be "Popery" in ecclesiastical government without Popery of dogma. Every ecclesiastical tyrant is a Pope; every assembly of such is a Papacy. The First Division of the Court of Session has luckily shown that nothing in Scotland, any more than in England, is above the law of the land; that, however profane that power may be, it is utterly and entirely supreme.

People in England know so little of Scottish matters, and so very little of Scottish ecclesiastical matters in particular, that many of our readers will not know to what we are alluding. Let us, then, remind them, to begin with, that, when that great movement of dissent known as the "disruption" took place in Scotland, the seceding body, or "Free Church," as it was called, modeled itself entirely, for purposes of internal government, on the Established Church, which it had left. It had its Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assembly, and regulated its affairs within as if it had been the real Establishment or National Church of the kingdom. Some time since a Mr. M'Millan, minister of Cardross, in this "Free Church," got into difficulties with the body, and was accused of certain immoralities. His case went through the regular series of appeals within its pale; but Mr. M'Millan, not getting what he thought justice in any department, resolved to appeal to the Court of Session, and get it from the law of his country. The Free Church resented this as a kind of blasphemy against its peculiar pretensions—against that temporal power (in matters of internal government) which it conceived to result from its spiritual position as a Church. In short, it dealt with Mr. M'Millan as the Pope might deal with a recalcitrant priest in the Romagna—as a creature having no relation to it with which any other power under heaven could interfere. It hoisted the flag of priestly tyranny, and assumed an absolute right to decide upon poor M'Millan's bread and character.

Well, the First Division of the Court of Session has given a decision on the subject which is agitating all Scotland, and which, in our opinion, is an important sign of the times, and a hopeful symptom of the liberty of mankind. It has virtually decided that the Free Church is responsible for the fulfilment of its internal contracts to the law just as much as an insurance company, or an omnibus company, or a goose club. The position has been laid down with a lucidity and penetration entirely worthy of that illustrious Bench, which has been adorned by so many men of literary as well as legal genius. What had to be decided on their authority at this stage of the matter was not the original question between M'Millan and his Church—whether he had committed immoralities or no—but how far what the Free Church called its "jurisdiction" extended. Had the Free Church a "jurisdiction" over its members leaving them no appeal whatever to the civil courts of the kingdom? Nothing could be more explicit than the Court's negative. The Court of Session lays down that the Free Church is just a tolerated association, enjoying the protection of the law so long as it obeys it, and capable of making contracts and enforcing them within itself; but it is no more. The law will give redress to any member of it just as to the members of any other corporate body.

The country will probably hear a good deal more of this business, for ecclesiastical zeal is strong in Scotland, and Presbyterian bodies stick to their power with a tenacity at least as great as that of Bishops and Cardinals. But we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at the blow given to the Free Church's pretensions so far. No tyranny is comparable to the tyranny of priests, whether celibate or married, whether acting under the name of an Assembly or a Conclave. It does not press only on their immediate dependents, but on the whole society in which they live. Thus, in Scotland, the rule of the Dissenting ministers (for the Establishment is more liberal) presses gloomily on social freedom, on scientific inquiry, on the pleasures, graces, and amusements of literature and life. Few things are more remarkable than its being tolerated among a people naturally original, daring, and hard-headed beyond the average.

We trust that the result will ultimately be to repress Scotch bigotry, and to discredit the so-called "spiritual" pretensions (leading, as in the Pope's case, to "temporal" oppression) of religious associations. These incessant squabbles disturb and unsettle life in the north to a degree not comprehended on this side of the Tweed. By making religious partisanship a ground of distinction they threaten to place the government of the country in the hands of bigoted boors. The other day some of the smallest Edinburgh agitators were chosen out of the town council as curators to choose professors for the University, to the rejection of Colonel Mure, of Caldwell (the historian of Greek literature), and of Mr. Robert Chambers! It is all part of a system—a system discreditable to Scotland, and which every friend of the dignity and freedom of human thought and action ought sturdily to resist.

SCANDAL.—The following is from the *Observer* :—"A married lady, possessing in her own right £15,000 per annum, moving in the first circles, her husband a member of Parliament, has thought fit to go off with her footman, leaving her husband a note, in which she consigns to his care her two children. Under the new Act a portion of this lady's property can be settled by the Court on her children. This is one case.—Another case is more deplorable still. A millionaire in Kent, and a large landowner, had a daughter upon whom he was prepared to bank his fortune. The young lady was wood and won by the Curate of the parish in which she resided. The reverend gentleman wished to make her his wife, but her father resolutely refused, and eventually she was induced to marry a rich Dutch merchant. Upon her marriage her father settled £100,000 on her. The lady was married about four years, and a fortnight since eloped with her former admirer, the parson."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A PRESENTATION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS will take place at Windsor Castle on the 4th of next month.

MR. HARRIS has received the title of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of her Majesty the Queen of England in Switzerland.

LORD HOWDEN has publicly expressed his sympathy with the war carried on by Spain against Morocco, and has contributed £40 to the national fund collected in support of that war.

EXTENSIVE FORTIFICATIONS are now in progress for the more efficient protection of the harbour of Milford and the Royal Dockyard at Pevensey.

GENERAL BLUNT DIED AT SOUTHAMPTON on Saturday, at an advanced age. He distinguished himself in the Peninsular War in the Portuguese service, and fought under Lord Beresford. The gallant General received a pension from the Portuguese Government up to the day of his death.

AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER AND FIFTY SAILORS arrived at Lorient on Saturday with the *Européen*, a vessel bought in England for the French Government.

THE "TALKING FISH" is dead. The animal had been declining in health for some time. Its last word was addressed to its proprietor, "relying to her inquiry as to its health by its peculiar grunt of 'mamma'."

THE SPECIAL SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S will be commenced on Sunday next. The sermon will be preached by the Bishop of London. On Sunday, January 8, the sermon will be preached by the Rev. Daniel Moore, M.A., Incumbent of Camden Church, Camberwell, and Golden Lecturer at St. Margaret's, Lothbury.

A NEW BRIDGE, supported on cast-iron beams, which crossed the railway near the Walton Station, Lancashire, suddenly gave way on Friday week, and fell a heap of ruins on the line. It is believed that the intense frost which prevailed during the night caused the cast-iron beams to give way.

THE CORRESPONDENCIA of Madrid, in giving the text of several manuscript prayers to Mohammed found upon the persons of the Moors, states one of them contains 5000 times the words "God is merciful!" repeated over and over again without any other sentence whatever.

MR. ALBERT SMITH was attacked by an apoplectic fit on Friday week, and for some time his life was despaired of. There now appears some prospect of his recovery.

THE ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM by immersion was on Sunday week administered to a young lady at a stream near Oxford. The stream was frozen, and the ice had to be broken in order to accommodate the lady.

MR. WRIGHT, the comedian, so popular at the Adelphi Theatre, died at Boulogne on Thursday week after a long and severe illness. Mr. Wright, who was in his forty-sixth year, was originally intended for a commercial career. He made his first appearance before a London audience in 1837.

THE LOSS OF THE PARAMATTA.—The Board of Trade have issued the official report on the inquiry into the loss of the *Paramatta*, wrecked on the 30th of June last, on a reef called Horseshoe, lying off the Island of Anegada. The report attributes the loss of the ship to the default of Captain Baynton, her commander, and the Board of Trade have, in consequence, directed that his certificate be suspended for twelve months.

LORD ELGIN was formally installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow on Thursday week.

MM. DE ROTHSCHILD have formally contradicted the statement that they had purchased Russian railways for the sum of 100 millions of roubles.

MONTALEMBERT has been undergoing private examination as to the contents of his late pamphlet, and it is deemed better to let his production circulate than to allow eloquent speeches in defence of free speech in a court of justice. Accordingly, the pamphlet may now be purchased in Paris, directed that his certificate be suspended for twelve months.

A TESTIMONIAL was presented to Sir John Pakington by the inhabitants of Worcester on Wednesday. It consists of an elaborately-wrought silver-gilt shield, forty inches in diameter.

HENRY EDWARD FOX, LORD HOLLAND, died at Naples on Sunday week, in his fifty-eighth year. With him the barony becomes extinct. The Kensington estate goes to Lady Lilford.

ROBERT DUNDAS DUNCAN, EARL OF CAMPEDERDOWN, eldest surviving son of Admiral Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, died on Thursday week. He was a Whig in politics; had sat in sixteen Parliaments, and was one of the oldest members of the House of Peers. He is succeeded in the title and estates by Lord Duncan, member for Forfarshire.

THE CULLENITE PARTY IN IRELAND, according to a Roman Catholic journal, proposes to send a "representative" to the Congress! It has not yet been determined whether the party shall send a memorial or a "delegate."

A YOUNG GIRL, a descendant of Racine, has been brought up at the expense of the Dramatic Authors' Society of Paris; but the cost of providing a fitting career for her being too great for the funds of the society, they have determined to open a national subscription in her behalf. The Emperor has subscribed 10,000 francs, the Empress 500, and the Prince Imperial 1000.

THE NORTH-WEST LONDON REFORMATORY INSTITUTION wants to raise £1000 by the end of March. This is necessary to maintain the institution in its present state of efficiency. It provides a refuge for youths discharged from prison, teaches them trades, and starts them in an honest career.

VISITORS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY will regret the absence of Hogarth's pictures; and it has been suggested that a collection of the whole of his pictures, which are scattered about in the Soane Museum and elsewhere, would make an exhibition of very great interest and use.

THE WORKS AT THE FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN, are now being carried out with vigour, there being upwards of one hundred men at present engaged.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has sent three million silver roubles to Sebastopol to be distributed among those who suffered loss during the siege. The poor creatures have waited four years for compensation.

THE POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD, otherwise Henri V., is announced by M. Decq, Brussels. The book, described as an "Etude politique," is to consist of letters written between the years 1841-59.

THE PUBLIC CRIER announced to the shopkeepers of the chief town of a canton near Yvetot, that Colas, a shoemaker, would not henceforth pay any debts contracted by his wife, who had quitted her home. The shopkeepers thereupon announced (by the same crier) that they would give the wife any credit as long as she remained away from her husband!

A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT is being signed in the City declaring that there is a deplorable and ruinous depression of British navigation, and that "all" who are engaged in the shipping trade now find themselves subjected to "enormous losses," and threatened with "total ruin."

WE REGRET TO RECORD THE DEATH OF WILHELM GRIMM, the younger of the two eminent brothers who have contributed so much to the knowledge of German antiquity, German folk-lore, and the history of the German language.

THE WAR-OFFICE COMMITTEE appointed to consider the question of an uniform for the volunteer corps throughout the country have recommended that the tunic should be of a brownish-grey colour, and that the colour of the facings, and the shape and colour of the nether garments, should be left to the taste of the several corps.

MR. QUESTEL, proprietor of the *Café de Foy*, in the Palais Royal, has just died a remarkable death. During the very severe weather he went down to his ice-well to make arrangements for a good supply for next summer, when he was overcome by the cold and died in a short time after.

PRUSSIA AND SAXONY have abolished the ordinances by which the exportation of horses to foreign countries was prohibited.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The *Liverpool Mercury* says:—"The *Birkenhead* steam-launch having proved a failure, Dr. Livingstone has sent home orders for the construction of another, at an estimated cost of £2000. This cost Dr. Livingstone proposes to defray out of his own pocket, from the means set aside for his children out of the profits of his travels." But, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the Government is about to send the traveller a new steamer. Moreover, according to this authority, "Mr. Gladstone has appropriated a sum of £2500 to the further exploration of the great Nyanza chain of lakes. The command of this latter expedition will be intrusted to Captain Speke."

AN INUNDATION IN CYPRUS.—A letter from Nicosia, in the Island of Cyprus, gives an account of a terrible inundation which recently took place there:—"On the 10th of November the weather became cloudy, the wind blew with violence, and the thunder and lightning were most violent. At noon the rain began to fall in torrents, and in a short time after the river overflowed its banks. The inhabitants not having time to shut the gates, the water rushed in with fearful impetuosity, and inundated the town. The bazaar soon had six feet water in it, and, to add to the misfortune, the gate at the end of the town opposite to where the water had rushed in became closed, and, there being thus no outlet for the torrent, nearly every house was soon filled. Towards evening the gate gave way, and the water began gradually to subside. No fewer than 47 houses and 150 shops were undermined and fell, and four men, eleven women, and a child perished beneath the ruins. Considerable injury was done to the merchandise in the bazaar. Upwards of 100 mules also perished, and the total loss cannot be estimated at less than two millions of piasters."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

SOMEWHERE midway on the line of railway that links Southampton with Salisbury stands the old town of Romsey. It is a small place—so small that you might drop it into one of our London parishes and hardly make a perceptible addition thereto. It is a corporate town though, enjoying municipal revenue of about £100 a year; and has, to dispense this magnificent sum and to perform other municipal duties, a mayor, three aldermen, and six common councillors. It is, nevertheless, very dull and quiet; so quiet that on a sultry summer's day if a bumble bee were to fly across the market-place its buzzing might be distinctly heard. But, dull and quiet as it is, Romsey (for two reasons) must ever be remarkable. First, it has the finest parish church in England—a spacious Norman structure of great antiquity, more like a cathedral than a church, and very attractive to tourists, archaeologists, and other wandering people; and, secondly, and perhaps chiefly, because it is closely contiguous to Broadlands, the seat of our famous Premier. These two advantages make Romsey notable. Its church will stand for ages, and even after his Lordship shall have passed away Romsey will still be noted as the place where the great man lived. And here, in passing, let me notice that Lord Palmerston does not live here in solemn and aristocratic seclusion as some great men do at their country seats, surrounded by an impassable circumvallation of frigid etiquette, more like "a magnificent three-tailed fat bashaw" than an English gentleman; but, on Sunday mornings, may be seen at the parish church; on week days, galloping over the fields and on the roads of the vicinity, and generally takes a kindly and humane interest in what goes on in the town and neighbourhood—subscribing to its charities, and occasionally lending his personal assistance at their anniversaries. And it is worthy of notice that Lord Palmerston never talks politics at these gatherings. It is the fashion to talk politics everywhere now. Agricultural meetings have become far more political than agricultural; and even at scientific meetings you cannot escape from these eternal politics; but Lord Palmerston does not sin in this fashion. And really I must think that if our country gentlemen generally would follow his example it would be a great improvement. Politics are important, we all know; and who shall govern us? and how? must ever be interesting questions; but they are not all important, these politics, by a long way. But to business, for all this is mere prelude. My business is—that which I had in view when I started to draw attention to some remarkable speeches which Lord Palmerston made last week at the "Romsey Agricultural Labourers' Association." They were not what would be called great speeches by any one. His Lordship had clearly no thought of making great speeches, but for the occasion they were better than great, for they were kindly human utterances—and, further, they were exceedingly interesting, not only to the people there assembled, but to us at a distance, as they showed a side of his Lordship's character which we do not often get a glimpse of. Lord Palmerston, the able statesman, the eloquent speaker, and the clever debater, we have long known; but here we have him in a new character—as a kind landlord of the poor, and a considerate social reformer. You cannot find space, I know, for all, nor for half, what his Lordship said, or I should have liked to have reprinted his speeches entirely and sent them still further amongst the people than they have already gone. I must, however, ask you to allow me room for a few extracts. And the subject that I shall select shall be that of cottage-building for the poor; for, in the first place, this is really a most important subject, and, secondly, his Lordship on this topic uttered some very wise words. My first extract shall be on the political economy of this question. Your readers are aware that there exists a school of political economists which tells us that all this building of cottages and letting them at low rents is bad political economy, and contrary to the law of supply and demand, &c. Well, on this subject hear his Lordship:—

I would first briefly advert to one topic which has been alluded to this afternoon—I mean the lodging of the labouring classes. Now, it is quite true that Mr. Dutton and myself have built some very good double cottages for the labourers on our respective properties; but I have heard it said by many that it is all very well for us to do that, but that these buildings are altogether too expensive, that they do not pay, and that other people could not afford to erect them. Now, in the first place, I hold that observation to be founded on a fundamental error. When I build a cottage on a farm I do not expect it to pay in money. When I build a good farmhouse for a tenant I do not expect rent for that house separate from the farm. Well, the cottage for the labourer ought to be looked upon as part of the appurtenances of a farm just as much as the appurtenances of a house? if they are obliged to trudge three or four miles in order to get at their work, and the same distance home again? It is manifest that they must not only be exhausted physically, but that their time must be wasted in walking to and from their work, and that the farmer does not get from them his money's worth for the wages he pays (Hear, hear). Therefore I consider that in providing a farm with accommodation for the number of labourers to be employed on it you are giving facilities to the tenant to cultivate his farm and increasing the value of the farm which you let to a good tenant. If you get a shilling a week from the labourer it is more to impress upon his mind that he is earning the accommodation you give him, rather than from any idea that it is to repay the expense of the erection. It is not like building houses in town, which are built to let at a profitable investment, but it is an addition to the value of the farm; and depend upon it a good tenant will give you more rent for a farm which he can cultivate to advantage (Hear, hear, and cheers).

So much for his Lordship's politico-economical views on this subject. They are, perhaps, rather out of square with the creed of the sturtest sect of economists, but they are very hearty and human I venture to think, nevertheless. The following is his Lordship's opinion as to what is the minimum of accommodation that a labourer's cottage ought to afford:—

Now, the cottages which Mr. Dutton and myself have built contain really no more accommodation than a decent family ought to have. They have simply one room to live in, a back kitchen, and, what is of the utmost importance, three sleeping-places. No cottage ought to be without three sleeping-places—one for the man and his wife, another for the girls, and another for the boys.

Cheers of approbation followed this remark, to which I venture to add, though rather late, "one cheer more." Surely not less than three sleeping-rooms, your Lordship. Whatever political economy may say, religion, morality, decency, and all that is holy in the domestic life of England, frown at the idea of less accommodation than this. I shall only give one more extract; but, though last, it is the least in interest, as it shows that not only has his Lordship thought out this subject, and carried his conclusion into practice, but he has also watched for the result:—

The effect of improving these dwellings is almost marvellous. In the first place, you know that the comfort of a man's home depends upon the tidiness of his wife and the mode in which she tries to make him comfortable; but there is a temper of the human mind which is denominated recklessness. When a thing seems impossible it is given up in despair. When a cottage is in such a ramshackle state that it is impossible for the wife to keep it clean, she becomes a slattern, everything goes to ruin, the man is disgusted and flies to the beershop (Hear, hear). If, on the contrary, the wife feels that she can, by a little exertion, make the cottage decent and respectable she does so, and then the man enjoys the comfort and happiness of his home, stays away from the beershop, and the sum of money he would spend in liquor goes to the benefit of his wife and children (Hear, and cheers). I had an example of that in a double cottage of my own. It was in a dreadful state—the walls were not air-tight, it had a brick floor, a bad roof, and everything uncomfortable. The people who occupied it were slovens and slatterns, and quarrelsome, ill neighbours. At a small expense it was made tidy; boarded floors were put down, a little porch erected, with a woodhouse and other conveniences; and from that moment these people altered entirely their character, altered entirely their conduct, and became well-conditioned people and good neighbours, which they had never been before (Hear, and cheers).

Just one remark, and I leave this subject. Lord Teynham has been writing letters in a strange, pseudo-philosophical, syllogistical style lately on "manhood suffrage." Now, query, which is the best friend to Joe Banks and Bill Stubble—the noble Lord who gives them a good, sound, wind-and-weather-tight roomy cottage, or the noble Lord who would give them—a vote?

I think it is clear that we are in for a religious war—nay, two

igious wars—one upon the subject of Italy and the Pope, and the other on matters connected with the Protestant Church of England. The sympathy with the Pope is finding expression everywhere in Ireland. Monday last there was a large meeting in the Catholic Cathedral at Cork, which was full to overflowing. The Bishop of Limerick was in the chair, and Lord Dunraven (the head of an old Irish family which is of descent from King Con, who reigned in Ireland some time about the first century), Sir Vere De Vere, the Right Hon. William Monsell, M.P., and late Secretary to the Board of Ordnance, also Major M'Gavin, M.P., were there and spoke. And everything indicates that the friends of the Pope mean fighting. But it appears even in their own Church they are not to have it all their own way; for during the last week a letter has appeared in the papers under the well-known Catholic name of Petre, which shows there is a party in the Romish Church, even in England, it occupies a very different stand-point to that which is occupied by the Irish sympathisers; whilst abroad—especially as you approach the Pope's dominions—the popular feeling is entirely opposed to the Irish Ultramontanists. This is a curious fact. It seems to prove that in this, as in many other cases, "Tis distance and enchantment to the view." To the Irish the Pope and his temporal Government are all *couleur de rose*; but, as you approach him, the rose colour changes to black. One of the most remarkable signs of the times, however, is the appearance of a letter written by the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio, brother to the Sardinian Minister, which has been translated by Mr. Layard. The Marquis is a Roman Catholic, but he seems to be in a transition state, something like that in which Luther was at the beginning of his career. He is still loyal to the Papacy, but he wants it to be deprived of all temporal dominion and power, and to be thoroughly reformed. But it is clear that there is no standing-ground there for the noble Marquis. Luther, and indeed all the reformers, tried and could find none.

The attack with which Mr. Albert Smith was seized on Friday last proves to have been rather epileptic than apoplectic, as was at first supposed. Mr. Smith lay in a state of insensibility until noon the next day, when his senses returned, and since then he has been making visible progress. It is granted to but few of us to know what the world will say of us after our death; yet this is a pleasure which Mr. Albert Smith has enjoyed. That amiable and accurate newspaper, the *Evening Star*, published a third edition on Saturday night, containing an account of Mr. Smith's death, and a biographical notice of him, extending over two columns. All question of danger is now over; but it will probably be a work of time ere Mr. Albert Smith is restored to pristine health and spirits—even an iron constitution like his must feel the effects of such a terrible knock-down blow.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

DESPITE the heat and mugginess of the season the pantomimes and burlesques come forth in greater force than ever. Never were there so many theatres simultaneously open; never was there so much money expended on perfecting theatrical entertainments. Every quarter of the town has now its recognised place of amusement, and nearly all the suburbs have a theatre within reasonable reach. The ST. JAMES'S is a boon for the outlying Pimlico and Westminster districts; far away in the north-west stands the MARYLEBONE, now thriving. The northern Islingtonians have their SADLER'S WELLS; while the south and east are amply provided with entertainments of every description. It does not seem that a "tremendous hit" has been made anywhere this year, although the pantomimes and Christmas entertainments generally are well spoken of; but, as is our wont, we will go through them seriatim, commencing first with

DRURY LANE.—No nonsense here on Boxing Night; none of your light entremets or whipped trifles,—solid English fare, and nothing but it. Look at the bill and then see whether there is the remotest chance of your seeing the outside of the theatre before half-past twelve! Not the remotest! Never mind "King René's Daughter"; we don't think much about her, even though Miss Somebody has been engaged from the provinces to play it. Pantomime! pantomime! we shout with parched throats, and a thousand husky voices take up the burden. "Music! music!" Now, Mr. Tully, they've recognised your light and airy figure tripping into the orchestra, and to work you must go at once. Bravo! that's something like a pantomime overture—plenty of drums and cymbals, and all the popular tunes. Listen to the gallery feet beating time; that's a sure sign of popularity. Now, then, curtain up! What is it? Jack and the Beanstalk, eh? Jack lives in Devonshire, and has a foster-mother, Goody Greyshoes (Mr. T. Matthews), and he's silly and confiding, as we all know; but he's under the protection of the "good people." Jack sells his cow and brings home the beans, which the old lady flings into the garden. And then the stalk grows, and Jack climbs it and fights the giant and kills him and his son, and releases the Spirits of the Golden Harp and the Hen who lays golden eggs, and returns to earth on purpose to be turned into Harlequin. The transformation scene, the floral home of the fairy, is a great Beverley triumph, and the artist and his brother Robert, the stage director, are nightly summoned to receive tribute of honour. The harlequinade goes smartly enough, with its double company. The Harlequins are Messrs. Milano and St. Maine; the Columbines, Madame Boleno and Miss Sharpe; the Clowns, Tom Matthews, Boleno, and Flexmore; and the Pantaloons, Messrs. Tanner and Beckham. The opening is by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and is worthy his high reputation for such matters.

Mr. Bridgeman, who has provided the COVENT GARDEN entertainment, has taken the story of "Puss in Boots," and treated it strictly according to the original, but with a great deal of humour. Modern topics of alliance and international esteem find parallels in the relations between Innocentia, queen of the good fairies, and Worldliness. The comic characters are herein sustained by that surprising family of pantomimists the Paynes, and great is the mirth they create. Some of the scenery, by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, is admirable, notably the Cornfields (which we engrave), and the Grove of Golden Palms, the transformation scene.

At the HAYMARKET Mr. Buckstone is invariably poetical in his Christmas entertainments; and, holding to this rule, he has this year taken the subject of "Valentine's Day," and treated it with much prettiness. The loves of a certain Sylvanus and Belpheobe, with the efforts made by a whole tribe of slanderous enemies to keep them apart, form the groundwork of the story, and the fun is principally contributed by the pairing of divers comical-looking birds, which takes place to the intense delight of the audience. The transformation scene, the Untolding of the Fairy Valentine, gave enormous satisfaction; and on Boxing Night the painter, Mr. F. Fenton, was loudly called for. The harlequinade is brisk and lively, devised and supported by the talent of the Leclercq family.

The PRINCES' pantomime (at least the opening portion of it) has been furnished by Mr. H. J. Byron, who has incorporated two good old nursery subjects—"Jack the Giant Killer," and "The Knights of Arthur's Round Table." Jack, however, is the principal hero. Aided by the fairy Queen Bee, he attacks and overcomes the giant Gorgon-buster, and is taken by her to her fairy "Home of Perpetual Sweets," and her "Candied Ball of Barleysugar." Jack is played with the greatest spirit, *chic*, and vivacity by Miss Louise Keeley, while Mr. Shore's performance of the Giant is a most admirable piece of character performance. In an incidental ballet the new dancer, M. Espinosa, reaps for himself fresh laurels by his singularly agile and comic pas. The harlequinade is sufficiently laughable, the principal and best feature in it being the parade of the Princess' Little Corps, a band of female volunteers, who go through their evolutions in the most charming manner.

Mr. E. Stirling's version of the "Christmas Carol" has been revived at the ADELPHI with good effect. Such really admirable acting as that of Mr. Toolé and Miss Woolgar, and such an artistic presentation as that of Mr. Selby, is seldom seen nowadays. Mr. Byron's burlesque, "The Nymph of the Lurleyberg," is founded to a great extent on the

old Adelphi drama of "Lurline," and is crammed with puns and parodies of the most mirth-provoking nature. In the exposition of the story of Sir Rupert the Reckless, his love for Una, his descent into the Lurline whirlpool, his return, laden with gold, and his base desertion of his watery love, Miss Woolgar, Mr. Toolé, and Mr. P. Bedford strive their utmost to provoke mirth, and are thoroughly successful. The scenery is very pretty and the piece well mounted.

Although Mr. Frank Talfourd's always facile pen has provided the opening of the pantomime for the LYCEUM, using for the purpose one of the Brothers Grimm's fairy stories, entitled "King Thrushbeard," and although the polished verse is well interpreted by all concerned, yet will the glories of the night be associated with the scene-painter (Mr. Calvert), who, in the transformation scene—"The Apotheosis of the Chrysalis amid the Fairy Ferns of Fancy"—has produced a *tout ensemble* of magnificence seldom if ever equalled even at this house, where first the public were inoculated with the magic pencil and exquisite taste of Mr. Beverley. This triumph of well-expended outlay has taken the town by storm, and is the scene of the season. In the harlequinade the talents of the Marshall family are seen to their full advantage.

All honour to Mr. Robert Brough, who, at a time when burlesque was becoming degraded and sunk beyond belief, has come forward to show what a brilliant intellect and a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the stage can do. Never has this brilliant wit been more happily employed than in the version of "King Alfred the Great," now playing at the OLYMPIC. Never has he scattered his really excellent puns in wilder profusion—never have his parodies been more appropriate or better chosen. He is admirably supported by his artists. Mr. Robson is in the greatest feather as King Alfred. Genial, jolly Mr. George Cooke plays the Drunken Guthrun with extraordinary vigour; while, as for the ladies, to look at Miss Herbert and Miss Cottrell, and to listen to Miss Hughes and Miss Nelson, is enough to melt the heart even of the most inveterate tax-gatherer. If you want a quiet, humourising entertainment, provided by a wit and served up by hours, go to the Olympic!

Mr. Frank Talfourd has done double duty, for the STRAND claims him also as author. Here the story of "William Tell" has been appropriated by him, and made the subject of the wildest puns and most side-splitting jokes. The company, including Miss C. Saunders, Miss Oliver, Miss Button, Miss M. Wilton, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. J. Rogers, is, perhaps, the best in London for a burlesque writer's purposes, and now, with material which is teeming with fun unmixed with slang at their command, they are seen in fullest force. The piece was a decided hit, and is likely to have a long run.

More about Mr. Talfourd! Yes, more, and still laudatory. His little piece, "The Household Fairy," at the ST. JAMES'S, is a gem abounding in telling dialogue and good situation. The pantomime, "Punch and Judy," is poor enough; but a pudding cannot be all plums, and there is a capital evening's entertainment at the St. James's for the money.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE attracted many visitors on Monday, and, indeed, during the week. There was a fancy fair and feast of lanterns, daily concerts, the Campbell Minstrels, a ballet troupe, a wizard, dissolving views, and scientific lectures, which, with the evergreen decorations of the Palace, the blooming camellias, the picture gallery, &c., made the whole highly entertaining.

At the ALHAMBRA PALACE the performing bull, Don Juan, has actually been made to sustain a part in a species of pantomime which has been introduced as a Christmas novelty at the circus in Leicester-square.

The POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION has, of course, been visited by large numbers. By way of novelty there was a new entertainment by Mr. George Buckland, entitled "Motley; or, the Way of the World," which was beautifully illustrated.

At the COLOSSEUM, Mr. Jones Newson made his first appearance in a new musical melange, entitled "Notes on Evening Parties." In addition to various other attractions there is the grand Diorama of Lisbon, "with new effects, and vocal illustrations."

BURFORD'S PANORAMA, THE GREAT GLOBE, and MADAME TESSAUD'S EXHIBITION have all been in full activity; and Professor Fréjell and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have had the pleasure of performing to full and delighted audiences.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

THE first number of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE has appeared, and has fulfilled the high anticipations which rumour had excited. It is a marvel of excellence and cheapness; and the mechanical portion—such as print, paper, &c.—is as creditable to the publishers as is the literary selection to the editor. The cover (a fanciful flower and scroll work border, with four medallions showing the operations of ploughing, and sowing, reaping and thrashing corn) is tastefully designed, while in mere bulk the work is far greater than any other which has ever been issued at the price. Mr. Antony Trollope leads the way with the first instalment of his new novel, "Framley Parsonage," which is written in his usual pleasant conversational style. Mr. Trollope is always at home in ecclesiastical society, and there seems a chance not only of our becoming acquainted with some new broadly-painted Church characters, but of renewing old friendships first contracted in "Barchester Towers." Then follows an extremely interesting paper on "The Chinese and the Outer Barbarians," wherein the blunders in our policy are traced back so far as 1842, when the first treaties were made with the Chinese by Sir Henry Pottinger; and there is a capital description of the prevarications and subterfuges with which Keying, the predecessor of Yeh, evaded compliance with the treaty stipulations. This paper is said to be by Sir John Bowring, and bears internal evidence of the writer's thorough knowledge of his subject. The next article is the commencement of Mr. Thackeray's new novel, "Lovel the Widower," and is garnished with an engraving from the author's burin, in which two of the well-known old lay figures are reintroduced to us—the vacuous young man with whiskers, who so long sat as Mr. Pendennis; and the fat woman in the turban, who has been Mrs. Major O'Dowd, Lady Kicklebury, and Mrs. Captain Something (Sackville Maine's mother-in-law). There is also a man in a beard and dressing-gown, the drawing of whose leg is alone worth the whole price of the number. Of the writing why should I speak? The author has returned to modern life, and twangs his lyre to the old air. Here is the opening of his symphony:—

Who shall be the hero of this tale? Not I who write it—I am but the Chorus of the Play—I make remarks on the conduct of the characters; I narrate their simple story. There is love and marriage in it; there is grief and disappointment. The scene is in the parlour, and the region beneath the parlour. No; it may be the parlour and kitchen, in this instance, are on the same level. There is no high life, unless, to be sure, you call a baronet's widow a lady in high life; and some ladies may be, while some are certainly not. I don't think there's a villain in the whole performance. There is an abominable selfish old woman, certainly; an old highway robber; an old sponger on other people's kindness; an old hanger of Bath and Cheltenham boarding-houses (about which how can I know anything, never having been in a boarding-house at Bath or Cheltenham in my life?); an old swindler of tradesmen, tyrant of servants, bully of the poor—who, to be sure, might do duty for a villain, but she considers herself as virtuous a woman as ever was born. The heroine is not faultless (ah! that will be a great relief to some folks, for many writers' good women are, you know, so *very* insipid). The principal personage you may very likely think to be no better than a muff. But is many a respectable man of our acquaintance much better? and do muffs know that they are what they are, or, knowing it, are they unhappy? Do girls decline to marry one if he is rich? Do we refuse to dine with one? I listened to one at church last Sunday, with all the women crying and sobbing; and, oh dear me! how finely he preached! Don't we give him great credit for wisdom and eloquence in the House of Commons? Don't we give him important commands in the army? Can you, or can you not, point out one who has been made a peer? Doesn't your wife call one in the moment any of the children are ill? Don't we read his dear poems or even novels? Yes; perhaps even this one is read and written by—Well! *Quid rides?* Do you mean that I am painting a portrait which hangs before me every morning in the looking-glass when I am shaving? *Aprist* Do you suppose that I suppose that I suppose that I have not infirmities like my neigh-

bours? Am I weak? It is notorious to all my friends there is a certain dish I can't resist—not, not if I have already eaten twice too much at dinner. So, dear sir, or madam, have you your weakness—your irresistible dish of temptation? or if you don't know it your friends do. No, dear friend, the chances are that you and I are not people of the highest intellect, of the largest fortune, of the most ancient family, of the most consummate virtue, of the most faultless beauty in face and figure. We are no heroes nor angels; neither are we fiends from aboles unmentionable, black assassins, treacherous Iagos, familiar with stabbing and poison—murder our amusement, beggars our playthings, arsenic our daily tread, lies our conversation, and forgets our common handwriting. No, we are not monsters of crime or angels walking the earth—at least I know one of us who isn't, as can be shown any day at home if the knife won't cut or the mutton comes up raw. But we are not altogether brutal and unkind, and a few folks like us. Our poetry is not as good as Alfred Tennyson's, but we can turn a couplet for Miss Fanny's album; our jokes are not always first-rate, but Mary and her mother sing very kindly when papa tells his story or makes his pun. We have many weaknesses, but we are not ruffians of crime.

There is no mistaking that sound! That is the Moor; we know his trumpet! and honest Iago, and gentle Cassio, and foolish Roderigo of the daily press have all run out long since, and bade his worship welcome to Cyprus! Mr. S. H. Lewes follows next with one of those marvellous "Studies of Animal Life" in which are so strangely blended wit, humour, keen poetic feeling, and thorough scientific knowledge. Such a paper as this, while of the utmost interest to the initiate, can be read with pleasure by the most scientific; and if you but learn from it, as I did, that coal-dust *cannot* filtrate into the lungs, you will have received a very welcome assurance. The next article is an "Inaugurative Ode to the Author of 'Vanity Fair,'" by Father Prout, sharp, smart, and quaintly metred; the next, a clear, practical paper on "Our Volunteers," said to be by Sir John Burgoine, some of the advice tendered in which is worth reproduction:—

In order to act as riflemen and light infantry conjointly with regular troops, volunteers will require the highest possible training as soldiers. Ordinary infantry are put together and kept together, and, unlike those who must act more independently and with greater skill, are always under the eye and hand of an officer who directs the movement. In the confusion of action, and amidst inequalities of ground and varying circumstances, light troops are very much at a loss until, by practice, they acquire a steadiness which is the result of a thorough knowledge of the business and of active exercise in it. By the term "acting as light infantry and riflemen" is not meant a system of irregular or guerrilla warfare, for which it may be readily conceived that a volunteer force of citizens is entirely unfit.

It is to be hoped that our volunteers will not listen to their flatterers, who would persuade them that they will make efficient irregulars. No one who considers the composition of these bodies, and the habits and pursuits of the classes from whom they spring, can seriously suppose that they would make anything of the kind. Neither the nature of this country, nor the occupations of its inhabitants, are favourable for an irregular system of warfare; nor would the rapid field operations consequent upon an invasion afford much opportunity for bringing irregular forces into play, even if we possessed the best in the world.

In opposition to these views, it will be said that the universal employment of the rifle has effected a revolution in warfare, and that our riflemen, sheltered at a distance behind hedges and trees, would annihilate the enemy's artillery and paralyse his operations. To this it may be answered that the enemy will employ riflemen for the same purpose, who will cover his artillery and produce an equal effect upon our own; that new systems of warfare are met with new systems of tactics, and that the advantage is always left with the highest-trained troops. In whatever order numbers of men may be brought into action, success will always attend that party which, *ceteris paribus*, brings the greatest number to bear upon a given point; and this can be effected only by the organisation and discipline of regular troops.

Let us hope, then, that the volunteers will earnestly practise those more complicated exercises which render light infantry the highest-trained body in an army. For this purpose they should, after being pretty well grounded in their business, give themselves up for a few weeks' consecutive service at one of the great camps; this would give them a much better insight into the nature of the service, by which men of their intelligence would greatly profit. It is probable that many individuals in each corps would not be able to attend for such a long period; still, if there were a large party present, a tone of information on the real duties of a campaign would be instilled into the body as a whole, which would be most serviceable.

More is here yet in this wondrous shilling's worth—much more. A descriptive paper about Leigh Hunt, written in a calm, affectionate tone; an exciting, spirited account of the last search for Sir John Franklin, by one of those engaged in it; and the first of the "Round-about Papers," wherein the editor first moralises pleasantly over the little Swiss town of Chur, and then, by wheeling about by gentle degrees, at last ingeniously asks us if he has not given us a good shilling's worth, and whether we have not sat down to our ordinary in good company? No one can deny it! The meat is capital, the company of the gentlest; we admit all this, with gratitude, despite the host's elaborate asking of blessings.

DISASTERS IN THE CHANNEL.—Early on Sunday morning the screw-steamer *Thetis*, which trades between Glasgow and Liverpool, was off Cumbraes, when she was run into by the schooner *Brightly*, of Runcorn, which was going out from Glasgow to Preston. The schooner struck the *Thetis* stem on abait the port bow, bursting open a large perpendicular gap in the iron plates of three feet in depth and nearly a foot in width, the lowest part being within eighty-eight inches of the water's edge. The schooner's bowsprit was broken clean off, the windlass and deck started, and the cutwater broken away, but still hanging, and a great deal of damage was otherwise done to her. She had only started out Channel early the same morning. The steamer immediately took the schooner in tow and brought her up to Greenock, where she lies in the west harbour. Had the injury to the *Thetis* been a little lower, or, even with the injury as it is, had there been a sea running, she must have sunk.—On Saturday morning, at two a.m., the schooner *Sweetheart*, of Belfast, laden with coal, from Maryport to Belfast, when between the Mull of Galloway and the Copeland Lights, ran into the paddle-steamer *Lyra* while the latter was on her passage from Belfast to Fleetwood, smashing in the larboard paddle-box, and doing her considerable injury. The schooner is supposed to have gone down at once with three of the crew, the rest, two in number, being picked up by the *Lyra*. The water flowed into the steamer's engine-room, and she became disabled and water-logged; but the fore and aft compartments, which contained a valuable cargo, were tight, and kept her afloat. There were about seventy passengers on board the steamer. While the *Lyra* was knocking about in this disabled condition the Clyde-bound barque *Patience*, of Ardrossan, made up to her and took her in tow, and all the steamer's passengers were transferred to the barque. The *Patience*, however, was making little progress; and about three o'clock in the afternoon the large steamer *Shamrock*, which was on her passage from Sligo to Liverpool, came up and took the disabled steamer *Lyra* in tow, carrying her up to Greenock next morning.

TRAINING FOR VOLUNTEERS.—Colonel Wilford writes to the *Times* to entice on volunteers the importance of various kinds of military training: "Not only should volunteers know how to profit by existing cover; they ought also, in common with every infantry soldier, be taught how to create and improve cover. It is not supposed that volunteers are to become engineers. That would require long courses of technical and scientific study. They may, however, readily acquire a great deal of most useful knowledge in the art of strengthening posts which they have to defend. In most shooting-grounds a space could be found for showing how to throw up a breastwork, masketry-proof, for turning a hedge or hollow way to account, &c. Specimens of the various loopholes might be shown, whether formed of sandbags, stones, or logs; rifle-pits might be made; and the more common obstacles used to impede the approach of an enemy, and to keep him under the fire of the defenders of a post, might be exhibited. In short, a slight course of fieldworks could be obtained at no great expense, and with no higher instruction than could be procured from a pensioned sergeant of the Royal Engineers. As it is not to be imagined that any man with a British heart beating in his bosom will content himself with 'long bows' and pot shots at safe distance, or be disposed to avoid a close encounter with any enemy when called for, the volunteer should cultivate assiduously every form of personal vigour and prowess. He will find advantage from a judicious course of gymnastics, and will do well to frequent the fencing-room. Above all, every volunteer would be benefited by careful training in the bayonet exercise. Any one who has seen in an assault of arms a set-to between one man with a musket and bayonet and another with a sword must be aware how formidable is the bayonet in skilled hands, and it must be remembered that they whom the volunteers are most likely to meet are carefully trained in the use of the bayonet."

THE SPANISH LOAN.—A statement is made by a Brussels paper that Lord John Russell has changed his mind, and does not any longer press upon Spain for immediate payment of the debt she owes to our Government. Our Ambassador is not to act in the matter for six months at least. In the mean time, we are promised that Spain, whose Government is quite boiling with indignation, will pay without further admonition. The patriotism of the merchants of Cadiz will, it is said, advance the sum.

ICE CARTING.—The practice of cooling drink with ice is of unknown antiquity. The Greeks, the Romans, and the Persians adopted it. Alexander the Great, whilst on his Assyrian expedition, it is recorded, preserved the snow which fell in the trenches by covering it over with brandishes of trees. And from an allusion in the Book of Proverbs (chap. xxv., v. 13), it is supposed that King Solomon cooled his drink with snow. But it is only within the last few years that ice in summer has been brought within the means of the people generally. Before the days of steam-boats and railways it was an expensive luxury only to be seen on the tables of the wealthy; and in our youthful days we little dreamed of seeing ice-creams sold for a penny each.



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GOING TO MARKET.—(FROM A PICTURE BY F. SIMON.)

new, and then it snowed, and then it thawed, and then it friz orrid." Thaw only renders the ice tough, mere snow he can sweep off; but when it snows, then thaws, and then freezes, snow-ice is formed, which is of no use to him, but has to be shaved off with a horse-shoe. Sharp, clear weather is the profitable weather for the ice-farmer, for he can steadily work off his successive crops without hindrance. The ice which England receives from America comes from Wenham Lake, a sort of cup or hollow in the mountains in New Hampshire, Massachusetts.

The area of Wenham Lake is about 500 acres. It is supplied by

water from the rocky bottom, and the water is so pure that no

matter has been discovered in suspension or combination. The

"Crystal Cup" is eighteen miles north-east of Boston, to which

place the ice is sent down by railway and shipped. The time when the ice is harvested is when it is about a foot thick, and the mode of harvesting is as follows:—First a space of three or four acres is marked off; a line is then ruled across by a sharp hand-plough. Then comes a marker, drawn by horses, which cuts long parallel lines about twenty-one inches apart, repeats the operation until the whole space is ruled, and then crosses the lines with others until the four or five acre space is marked like a chessboard. The lines are now deepened by a horse-plough to six inches depth, and the first row of blocks cut out with a saw. The other blocks are easily broken off by means of an ice-spaade made in the shape of a wedge—that is if the weather be sharp; but if a thaw comes on, not so easily, as the ice becomes tough, and must be sawed. The blocks, when detached, are lifted

by machinery into the ice-houses on the banks of the lake, and are ready to be sent to all parts of the world. In America pits are not used, but houses built of pinewood, and thatched, consisting of two rows of pine blocks, with sawdust well rammed between the walls, which keeps out all moisture. There is but little waste in these houses, nor is there any in the air-tight carriages on the rail; but on board ship the loss amounts often to one half. The ice is there packed in sawdust, but the sawdust gets wet, and becomes a conductor of heat and salt air, which, as we all know, is fatal to ice. When the ice arrives in the Thames it is consigned to the Wenham Lake Company's warehouses in the dry arches on which Waterloo-road is built, and packed well in sawdust. It is a busy scene at Wenham Lake in harvest-time. A hundred men and forty horses are often at work at one time.



FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The uses of ice are various. "The Imperial mistress of the furred Russ" built a palace of ice; but that was of no use:

a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to glide into a stream again.

Practical people use ice to cool their beverages and preserve their food in hot weather; and Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney has lately used it extensively to keep our legislators cool on the hot nights of summer. The external atmosphere is hotter than is desirable, so he brings the said atmosphere through chambers filled with cold spray caused by forcing iced water through a rose filled with very small holes. This cooled air is then sent through the grated floor of the House, and by this ingenious method, when the thermometer out of doors ranges at 70-75, it is down to 65 in the House. The use of ice is increasing fast in England, but it is nothing like so general as it is in America. Here we still deem it a luxury, but in America it ranks amongst the necessities. No American now drinks his sherry-cobbler or his cocktail even in winter without a piece of ice in it.

GOING TO MARKET.

OUR Engraving under the above title is from a picture by M. F. Simon, exhibiting in one of the local galleries of France. Although the execution of the original will not bear comparison with Troyon's famous cattle pieces, or Rosa Bonheur's animal "conceptions," yet the painting is a very creditable one. Rosa Bonheur and Troyon have given a spur to this branch of art in France, which was little cultivated until they had elevated it to a position similar to that achieved for it by Landseer in England. For our own part, we do not look upon animal-painting as a high branch of art, but it, at least, has this advantage—that it compels the student to go immediately to nature.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

It has of late been repeatedly asserted that the reign of crinoline is drawing to a close, and the name of her Majesty Queen Victoria and that of the Empress Eugénie have been quoted as authorities for the alleged impending revolution in female costume. But those whose opinions are founded on facts rather than on reports are disposed to believe that the change will neither be so speedy nor so complete as some seem to anticipate. At all events, it is quite certain that in Paris those ladies who take the lead in fashion, and who are distinguished as *les élégantes du grande monde*, evince no symptoms of any intention to discard either their crinolines or steel hoops.

The newest ball dresses are covered with masses of elaborate trimming, which have the effect of augmenting even the magnitude of their actual dimensions. Skirts, multiplied one over another, are ornamented with innumerable bouquets.

For a plainer description of evening costume, the newly-introduced silk called "taffetas antique" is much in favour. It is figured with flowers in various shades of colour. Our Illustration (Fig. 3) shows a dress of this material made in the newest and most approved style.

A very elegant dress, just completed, may be here described. It is intended to be worn in making or receiving morning visits, or for a plain style of home dinner costume. It is composed of rich figured silk of a bright hue of violet. The corsage is without a point, and is confined at the waist by ceinture buckled in front. The sleeves, in the style called "Charles Quinz," are lined with white silk and trimmed with lace and passementerie intermingled with jet. The skirt has side trimmings formed of bows connected one with another by festoons of lace and passementerie.

A very elegant morning dress has been made of droguet de laine, of a beautiful design, in maroon colour and black. It has a casaque, fitting loosely in the paletot style, having two pockets trimmed with black velvet and buttons. The sleeves, which are exceedingly wide, hang very low. They are pointed at the ends and ornamented with velvet and buttons. With this dress is to be worn a round cap of Valenciennes lace, trimmed with ribbon of shaded amaranth and black.

Velvet or cloth are the only materials employed for winter cloaks. Some of the new opera cloaks, or "Sorties de bal," are extremely elegant. We may mention one of white reps, trimmed with ruby-coloured Pékin de velours. This is made in the style of a mantelet. Another, made of rich white silk, has a richly-embroidered border worked in blue silk. The pointed hood is covered with the same embroidery.

In Paris gold or silver lamé is much in request for ball dresses. A fashionable Parisian modiste has received an order from Russia for a ball dress to be made with two jupes of lamé with silver, and trimmed with medallions of mauve-coloured crape embroidered with silver.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—Dress of blue tulle bouilloné. Opera-cloak of white poult à soie, edged with gold embroidery and ornamented with gold tassels. Head-dress, a wreath of "Forget-me-not."

Fig. 2.—(Ball Dress.)—Double skirt of white tulle. The first or lower skirt has rows of trimming disposed alternately, and consisting of ruches of white tulle with cut edges, and bouillonnés of bouton-d'or tulle, with running of ribbon of the same colour. The upper skirt is of white tulle figured with stars embroidered in bouton-d'or silk. It is edged with vandyked blonde, and is gathered up three times with bands of bouton-d'or ribbon, terminated by bows and bouquets of white flowers with gold foliage. The corsage has a berthe composed of draperies of tulle and rows of blonde; it has a bouquet in front, and small bows on the shoulders. The sleeves are formed of bouillonnés of tulle, and edged with blonde. The coiffure consists of a wreath of white flowers with gold foliage, corresponding with the bouquets which trim the dress.

Fig. 3.—Dress of taffetas antique, of that brilliant shade of pink called "rose de Chine," and figured with small sprigs. The skirt is without any trimming. The corsage has a berthe of the same material as the dress. It is pointed both at the back and in front, and is trimmed with narrow black and white lace. The sleeves are formed of one deep frill of silk edged with black and white lace. The wreath for the head is formed of roses of different shades of pink.

Fig. 4.—(Ball Dress.)—Robe of white tulle illusion. The skirt is covered with bouillonnés of graduated width, and separated by rows of bouton-d'or ribbon. The berthe is formed of bouillonnés, and is fixed in front by a Louis XIII. bow of bouton-d'or ribbon. Sleeves of bouillonné. Head-dress, a wreath of lilies with foliage.

ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.—A public meeting has been held in the disturbed parish of St. George-in-the-East to pass resolutions and memorialise the Queen on its unhappy state. Churchwarden Thompson presided. The conduct of the Rev. Bryan King was declared to have rendered him unworthy of esteem or respect, and the meeting determined to do their utmost to abolish the innovations he has introduced into the worship and the Church. In their memorial to her Majesty they ask for a Royal Commission with power to displace clergymen who teach anti-Christian, anti-Protestant, and unscriptural doctrines, who use Popish vestments or genuflexions, and replace him by a clerk "of honest Protestant Evangelical report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom." They ask for a publication of "a Protestant catechism and hymn-book," and make it a breach of discipline to use any other. In a petition to Parliament they minutely set forth the wrongs they have suffered for seventeen years.

A SMART FOX.—In a recent lecture upon his experience in Arctic life Dr. Rae said:—"On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavoured to look as like a hare as possible (which is an animal comparatively worthless). Another fact of this kind occurred to me whilst being detained at a particular place where our favourite amusement was trapping wild animals. One mode of doing this was with a spring-gun connect'd with a bait, which, when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate, or from hard-earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and, the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize the bait, and permit the charge to pass over his head."

LAW AND CRIME.

It is now a week or two since that, in one of those divorce cases which appear to have opened up a vista, hitherto almost unexplored, of modern English society, some extraordinary charges were made by the lady-petitioner against the Hon. Hugh Rowley, her husband. What these charges were we shall proceed to show from the honourable gentleman's own denial of their truth. The divorce, as prayed, was at once granted, and with this decision terminated what may be called the first act of the serio-comedy. The second commenced with the appearance of Mr. Rowley at the Westminster Police Court, as prosecutor of his late wife on a charge of perjury. He had, it was represented, been somewhat taken by surprise by his wife's evidence in support of the application for divorce. The divorce itself does not appear to have been in opposition to his wishes. But the allegations of cruelty against him were of such a flagrant character that they must, if unrefuted, materially affect the honourable gentleman's social position. In reference to these charges Mr. Rowley has now submitted to a public examination, which has already extended over many days. He swears that he did not, during a journey to Frankfort, threaten his wife with corporal punishment; that he did not pinch her all the way thither from Mayence in a railway carriage; and that he did not throw a loaf at her at the time he cut her hair. With reference to the hair-cutting exploit we may observe that he had been charged with cutting his wife's hair close to her head for mere malicious disfigurement. His own version of the affair is that with her permission he cut off two long curls to save the lady time at her toilet. There had never been a court-martial upon him for beating her. He did not know what is called a sham court-martial. It seems, however, that something of the kind occurred, inasmuch as one evening at mess (the honourable gentleman is or was an officer) his fellow-officers called him before them and demanded, through a chairman, whether he beat his wife. Mrs. Rowley herself was referred to, and, by his statement, she herself refuted the accusation. He had never boasted of beating her. She had struck him on the arm with pistol, wishing at the time that it was loaded; and, after this outburst, she went into an hysterical fit and fell. He had paid to her £1400 in January, 1858. However, it seems this money was paid out of Chancery in Ireland, where Mrs. Rowley had "locked it up." She had brought him £2000, and this £1400, part of it, had been placed, on the marriage, with trustees, as he, being under age, could not execute a deed of settlement. This £1400 "and five years' keep," as the honourable gentleman elegantly described his wife's married companionship with himself, was what she received of her £2000. He had married when he was eighteen years of age. Believed his wife was forced to marry him against her will. Did not make her "sell out" the very day after her marriage. Forgets the exact day, or whether she sold out on the second or third day after marriage. It was during the first ten days. After the marriage his lady-mother found that Mrs. Rowley had misrepresented her position and aristocratic connections. Did not say that thereupon his mother had locked him up. Lady Langford, his mother, found that she had been deceived by his wife—in fact, that he had been caught. "A great catch!" here observes Mr. Metcalfe, the opposing counsel. "The very words she used to me shortly after our marriage," returns the honourable gentleman, with charming simplicity. Had not imprisoned her in a room, or knocked her head against window-shutters. Explained the window-shutter imputation by counter-imputation reflecting somewhat grossly upon Mrs. Rowley's modesty. Described the "battle of Waterloo" between himself and Mrs. Rowley, who refused to take off her bonnet when requested by him on the road to that famous field. How Mr. Rowley untied the article, and did not remember what became of it, it might have fallen into the road. He then put his wide awake on her head. Thinks her capable of kicking herself to cause bruises and blame him therewith. Never crammed salt down her throat when she fainted, or threw a dressing-case at her. Has called her a liar frequently, she being in the habit of telling lies. Had, nevertheless, three years after marriage written of her, "I know she would scorn to tell a lie." Has sworn at her "when she swore at me, and we would then swear away at each other like anything." Was not aware that his wife when left by him would have starved but for a poor widow. He was at that time paying £5 a day for apartments and ten pounds a hundred for cigars. Such are a few of the leading points in perhaps one of the most extraordinary cross-examinations ever conducted in a public court. To see this prosecutor, the model of one of Mr. Leech's fast swells, submitting to this ordeal day after day with the coolest *insouciance*, now admitting absconding to the Continent to avoid a tradesman's debt of £25, then calmly terming it "a joke" when a letter is produced, in which he regrets not having been able to "do" his wife's brother out of £5 or £10, is a sight never to be forgotten. The cool and utter impenetrability of the man, and his light laugh when compelled to admit something which raises the indignation of the hearers, might furnish a study to Mr. Charles Mathews. Let his denials go for what they may, and be the mere charges he seeks to rebut true or false, the Hon. Hugh Rowley, on his own showing alone, portrays a picture of aristocratic life and manners which we only trust may be as unique as it is repulsive. The magistrate who heard the case—which, as he remarked, had sated the public—recommended that the charge of perjury should proceed no farther now that the honourable gentleman had exercised his opportunity of making his own statement. With this recommendation counsel on each side appeared disposed to comply, and the case was adjourned for a week, to afford an opportunity for the clients to instruct their advocates accordingly.

Mr. M'Dermott, a commercial clerk, went some time since to a news-shop to purchase a penny paper. He put down a fourpenny-piece in payment, and received his change. The woman who served him next discovered the coin to be counterfeit, and sent over the way to a public-house for her husband, who gave Mr. M'Dermott into custody for knowingly uttering bad money. He was taken to the station-house, locked up all night in a narrow cell, notwithstanding his having given his address and offered a good half-crown in payment, and notwithstanding his entreaties to be allowed to get bail or to sit in the hall of the station with the police during the night. In the middle of the night he was transferred to a second cell to make room for a drunken female destined to occupy the former. On the following morning he was taken before the magistrate, and of course discharged. Under these circumstances Mr. M'Dermott sued the news-vendor, one Humphreys, in the Brompton County Court for £10 as damages. The attorney for the plaintiff pointed out that, although in theory an accused person is in England regarded as innocent until found guilty, in practice he is punished than when actually found guilty. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount of damages claimed.

An omnibus-driver was summoned before Mr. Bingham for damage done to a music-stand and a cornopean belonging to a band of itinerant musicians. In defence the driver said that the band, which included a big drum, so terrified his horses that he lost all control over them. The magistrate decided that bands performing in the streets must bear all risks in consequence. The summons was therefore dismissed.

We detailed a week or two since certain highly-curious proceedings in the County Court, Maidstone, on the insolvency of Mr. Joachim Hayward Stoequeler. The case, as already reported, was remanded. On the reappearance of the insolvent on Tuesday last, when the opposing creditor presented himself, it was announced that the detaining creditor had sent a discharge. Consequently, as the opposition was not prepared with a detainer, the case was at end. This artifice is one common enough with the class whose fortunes lead them to take the benefit of the Act in regions favourable to insolvents. However, on this occasion the opposing creditor, Mr. Eicke, declared that he had a charge of forgery to Mr. Stoequeler. The clerk of the insolvent's attorney here audibly advised his client to go. As there was no policeman in the court this advice was promptly followed. Mr. Eicke started in pursuit of Mr. Stoequeler. Notwithstanding the portly person of the insol-

vent, he managed to escape the pursuit before a constable could be met with; and this last glimpse of Mr. Stoequeler flying through the streets of Maidstone from a criminal prosecution is, let us hope, the last appearance under undignified circumstances of this somewhat famous personage.

POLICE.

CHARGES OF BURGLARY.—Richard Wyburg, a powerful man, who has been convicted several times for felony, was charged with breaking into the premises of Mr. Pettitt, wool-factor, St. Saviour's Dock, Dockhead, and stealing thence a large quantity of manufactured wool.

Police-constable Turner said that about four o'clock on the morning of the 10th inst. he was on duty near St. Saviour's Dock, Dockhead, when he saw prisoner and another man, each carrying a large bag from prosecutor's premises. As soon as they saw witness approaching they climbed over several barges, and escaped, leaving the bags of wool on one of the barges. Witness procured the assistance of other constables, and conveyed the wool to the station-house, and afterwards he ascertained that the prosecutor's premises had been broken into.

The prisoner here said that he was at work at the time. The constable must be mistaken.

Turner assured his worship that he was not mistaken, as he had known the prisoner a long time, and when he was carrying the bag of wool he saw his face distinctly. Richard Gressell, foreman to Mr. Pettitt, identified the wool produced as a portion of the stock in the warehouse.

Hughes, a detective officer, said that he received information of the burglary, with a description of the men, and on the previous night he saw the prisoner in the Dover Castle public-house, Rotherhithe-wall. He called him out, and as soon as they got into the street the prisoner seized him, and attempted to throttle him; but he overpowered him, and took him to the station-house. Witness proved that the prisoner had been previously convicted for a similar offence.

Mr. Combe committed him for trial.

The prisoner was next charged with being concerned with another in breaking into the warehouse of Mr. Olney, wool-factor, Market-street, Bermondsey, and stealing therefrom about three cwt. of wool.

Cowen, 107 M., said that Mr. Olney's premises were broken into on the morning of the 15th inst., and about three o'clock he saw the prisoner and another man named Davis inside the premises. The latter was apprehended at the time, but the other escaped. Davis was committed for trial on Saturday.

The prisoner acknowledged being near Mr. Olney's premises that morning, but he was drunk, and went home. Committed for trial.

WIFE-BEATING.—James Middleton, a strange-looking old man with enormous beard and moustache, who was described as a coal-dealer, of Raven-row, Whitechapel-road, was charged with being drunk, and assaulting Harriet, his wife.

The prisoner is a dissipated, ill-tempered fellow, and has been more than once charged with cruelty to his wife, and been released on his entering into sureties for his good behaviour, or in consequence of his wife declining to appear against him. On Monday night he came home drunk, and threatened to butcher his wife, and beat her severely. Her screams brought a police-constable, named Alder, to the spot, who took the prisoner into custody.

Mr. Selfe sentenced the prisoner to one month's imprisonment and hard labour, and said the next time he assaulted his wife his sentence would be six months' imprisonment.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AT BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—Jane Atkins, a middle-aged female, was charged with having attempted to commit suicide in the River Thames at Blackfriars-bridge.

Charles Warren, lighterman, said that on the previous night, about twelve o'clock, he was approaching Blackfriars-bridge, when the prisoner rushed past him towards the river, calling out, "I'll drown myself! I'll drown myself!" He pursued her down the steps, and caught hold of her just as she was about to leap into the river, and with great difficulty prevented her from committing suicide.

In answer to the charge the prisoner said that she had been out all the afternoon with her husband, and at night they quarreled, and she foolishly ran away from him and went towards the river, but she would never do such a thing again if his Worship would let her go.

Mr. Combe remanded her for the attendance of her husband.

A PANTOMIME THEFT.—William Brown, a rough-looking youth, was charged with stealing a goose.

The robbery was detected and the prisoner brought to justice by Payne, a shoemaker, who has been instrumental in bringing many thieves to the court, and has rendered much service to the police. His life has been repeatedly threatened by desperate characters. In this case Payne saw the prisoner and another lad following a horse and chaise along the Mile End-road. The prisoner attempted to remove a parcel from the chaise several times between North-street and Jubilee-street, and at last he took a large goose from the back of the chaise, and was running away with it, when Payne rushed upon him and soon made him prisoner. The goose was also recovered, although the prisoner's confederate made a desperate effort to seize it, and repeatedly struck Payne. It also appeared that a parcel of grocery was lost from the same chaise-cart, but whether before or after the goose was stolen could not be ascertained. The goose was produced and identified by the owner.

The prisoner, in defence, said that a boy gave him the goose.

Mr. Selfe.—Not very likely. I sentence you to one month's imprisonment and hard labour for the unlawful possession of the goose.

FULFILMENT OF A DREAM.—An inquest has been held at Sheffield on the body of Mr. Charles Holmes, button-manufacturer, Clough-house-lane, who had been found drowned on Monday morning in the Lead-mill dam in that town. The deceased left his home on Saturday night with his wife; they walked through the town together, and about nine o'clock, at which time they were at the top of Union-street, he said to her, "I'm going to leave thee here, Fanny." She said, "Are you?" and he replied, "Yes I want to see an old friend who is going to Birmingham on Monday, and he is to be here." She said to him, "Well, Charlie, don't stop long, because I do feel queer about that dream," and he replied, "Oh, don't say that! I'll just have a glass and then come home. Go and get the supper ready, and I'll come directly." She then left him. When he got into the house he was invited to drink with his friend, but he exhibited some reluctance, saying that on the night before his wife had dreamed that she saw him dead in a public-house, and that she had dreamed a similar dream about a week before.

Unfortunately, however, he yielded to the temptation, got drunk, and did not leave the public-house till after twelve. He was accompanied part of the way by his friend, and was never afterwards seen. Near his house are the Lead-mill dams, and in consequence of his not returning home, his wife felt convinced that he had fallen in and got drowned. A search was made, and on Monday morning his body was found in the water, and was removed to the Royal Standard public-house, where his wife saw the body, and identified it as that of her husband. The jury returned a verdict of "Found drowned," and recommended that an opening in the wall near the dam, through which it is supposed he had fallen, should be built up.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

Two holidays have interfered considerably with operations in all Home Securities and in Money and Time; nevertheless, in a comparative sense, we have very little to complain of in the quotations. Consols have been 93½; the Reduced and the New 3 per Cent., 93½; Exchequer Bills, 29s to 32s prem. Bank Stock has sold at 72s.

The market for Indian securities has ruled firm. The 5 per Cents have realised 102½; the Debentures, 1858 and 1859, 91 and the Bonds, 6s per cent.

There has been a steady, but by no means active, demand for money for commercial purposes. In the rates of discount very little change has taken place. Lombard-street first-class short paper has been taken at 23½ per cent. The supply in the hands of the large discount houses is a full average one.

The Foreign House has been steady, but without leading to any change in value. Brazilian 4½ per Cent. have realised 93½; Danish 3 per Cent., 85; Mexican 3 per Cent., 22½; Portuguese, small, 45; Russian 11½; Ditto 5 per Cents, 44 per Cents, 10; Ditto 3 per Cents, 66½; Sardinian 5 per Cents, 75; Spanish 3 per Cents, 10½; Turkish 6 per Cent., 77½; Ditto, New, 61 to 64; and Venezuela, 28.

We have to notice an improved feeling in the Railway Share Market, and, in some instances, prices have had an upward tendency. The traffic receipts continue large when compared with last year.

Colonial Government Securities have been firm. Canada 6 per Cent. have been done at 117½; and Victoria Debentures, 111.

Banking Shares have been less active. Australasian have sold at 83; Bank of Egypt, 22½; Commercial of London, 20½; English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 17½; London Chartered of Australia, 21; London and Westminster, 53½; New South Wales, 55½; and Ottoman, 18½.

Miscellaneous Securities have changed hands slowly, at about last week's quotations.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

COTTON ENGLISH.—Very moderate supplies of English wheat have come to hand this week, mostly by land carriage; nevertheless, the demand for all kinds of foreign wheat—the imports of which have continued limited—very little business has been passing about previous quotations. Floating cargoes of grain have commanded very little attention. Fine barley has maintained its previous value, but average kinds have sold slightly.

The malt trade has ruled heavy, on former terms. Oats have commanded rather more money; and the value of beans, peas, and flour has been supported.

ENGLISH CLOTHES.—Wool, Essex and Kent, Red, 35s. to 48s.; ditto, White, 31s. to 50s.; Grinding, 23s. to 28s.; Distilling, 20s. to 28s.; Maling, 32s. to 48s.; Hye, 24s. to 26s.; Molt, 31s. to 38s.; Feed Oats, 20s. to 28s.; Potato ditto, 20s. to 28s.; Turnip Beans, 33s. to 39s.; Grey Peas, 33s. to 35s.; White ditto, 37s. to 42s. per quarter.

French Beans have made flour, 40s. to 42s.; Country Marks, 36s. to 38s.; Town households, 38s. per 200ds.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

CATTLE.—Only limited supplies of stock have been on offer this week, and the trade generally has been somewhat heavy, as follows.—lief, from 3d. to 4s. 4d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.; veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.; pork, 3s. 6d. to 5s. per lb. to sink the offal.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.—These markets have been extensively supplied with meat. Generally speaking, the trade has ruled very inactive. Beef, from 2s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.; mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.; veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.; pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d. per lb. to the gross.

TRADE.—The show of samples having been limited the market, generally has shown more fineness and prices are well supported. Common round congeau is worth 1s. 2d. per lb.

SUGAR.—As dealers, generally are well in stock, the transactions in all raw qualities have been trifling, at about previous currencies. Refined goods are held at full prices.

COTTON.—Importers are very firm in their demands, and the sales privately, have been at fully previous quotations.

COFFEE.—Old and fine samples are steady, other kinds very dull, at late currency.

RICE.—Very few sales have taken place. In prices, however, we have no change to report.

PROVISIONS.—There has been a moderate inquiry for Irish butter, at full quotations. Fine foreign is steady, but other kinds are a dull sequel. English qualities are almost nominal in price. Bacon is steady, but the business doing in it is only moderate. No change in other provisions.

COTTON.—All kinds move off slowly, at barely late rates.

WOOL.—English wool is fair request, at full quotations. In foreign and colonial qualities, very little is doing, at late rates.

Hemp and Flax.—Market rations of hemp maintain their previous value, but the transactions in flax are very limited.

HORSES.—The horse trade continues in a healthy state. Prices, generally, are quite as high as last week. The show of samples is very moderate.

POTATOES.—Although the trade, by no means active, prices are tending upwards. They now average from 8d. to 10s. per ton.

Spirits.—Rum is in request, at previous rates. Proof Lewards, 1s. 10d. to 2s. East India, 1s. 9d., and Mauritius, 1s. 7d. to 1s. 10d. per gallon. We have to report a steady sale for brandy, at full price—viz. from 2s. 10s. 6d. per gallon. Holland, Geneva, 2s. 2s. 10d., and spirit from board, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 4d. per gallon.

Quinine.—This is in request, at 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per lb.

Coals.—Best house coals, 2s. to 2s. 6d.; seconds, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d.; inferior, 1s. 6d. to 1s. per ton.

LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23.

BANKRUPTS.—R. W. and H. FEAST, late of Earl-street and Chancery-street, Finsbury, import oilmen.—R. DAPLYN, Diss, Norfolk, &c.—R. CASTLE, Wantage, Berkshire, cattle-dealer.—T. PRASSE, Duddingston, Edinburgh.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—P. BURNS, Edinburgh livery-stable keeper.—J. HEDDONSON, Auchinleck, grocer.—G. CAMPBELL, Dundee, draper.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27.

BANKRUPTS.—E. and W. TRIGGS, High street, Southampton, upholsterers, cabinetmakers, and auctioneers.—J. M'KEEY, 18, Great Portland-street, saddler.—E. PINNESS, Liverpool, oil and colourmen.—H. ZELMER and J. SHIERS, Dale street, Manchester, fancy trimming manufactory.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—D. C. DE MEDIEU, late of Woburn, Norfolk, attorney.—R. LAING and Co., Kirkgate Mills, Kirkcaldy, manufacturers.—GENERAL J. TAYLOR, Edinburgh.—D. McDONALD, Gullane, near Kirkintilloch, Dunbartonshire, farmer.—N. MITCHELL, late of Leeds, manufacturer, now of Rothsay.

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA, not being covered

with powdered colour, presents the Chinese passing on the low-priced brown autumn leaves, and consequently, tasting strength is always found in this tea. Price 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d. and 4s. 4d. per lb. In packets. Pursell, 82, Cornhill, and 119, Gresham-street, Eltham-street, 227, Regent-street; Gould, 193, Oxford-street; Wolf, 75, St. Paul's; Webster, Moorgate-street; Bearman, Hackney; McCash, Stratford; Dell, Kingsland; Purvis, Islington; Goostree, Kentish-town; and Dillim, Portland-pl.; Johnstone, Charing-cross; Lucas, bridge-st.; Westminster; Fortescue, Baywater; Leman, King's-cross; Martin, Bow; Buckland, Covent-garden; Dodson, Blackman-st.; Horniman's Agents in every town; THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS IN ENGLAND are to be obtained of PHILLIPS and CO., Tea Merchants, 5, King William-street, City, London, E.C.

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WANTED LEFT-OFF CLOTHES for AUSTRALIA.—Mr. and Mrs. J. ISAACS, 319 and 320, Strand (opposite Somers House), W.C., continue giving highest price in Cash for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Clothes, Regiments, Underclothing, Boots, Books, and Miscellaneous Goods. Letters attended to. Parcels from the country, the utmost value returned same day. Established 48 years.

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